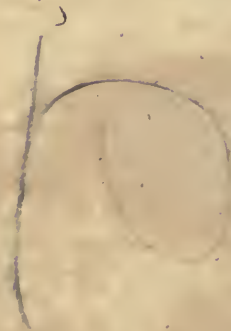


VANCOUVER
TO THE
CORONATION

J. J. MILLER



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The Party

VANCOUVER TO THE CORONATION

FOUR MONTHS' HOLIDAY TRIP

BY
J. J. MILLER

LONDON:
WATTS & CO.,
17 JOHNSON'S COURT FLEET STREET, E.C.

1912

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WILLIAM
WILLIAM & CO
VANCOUVER

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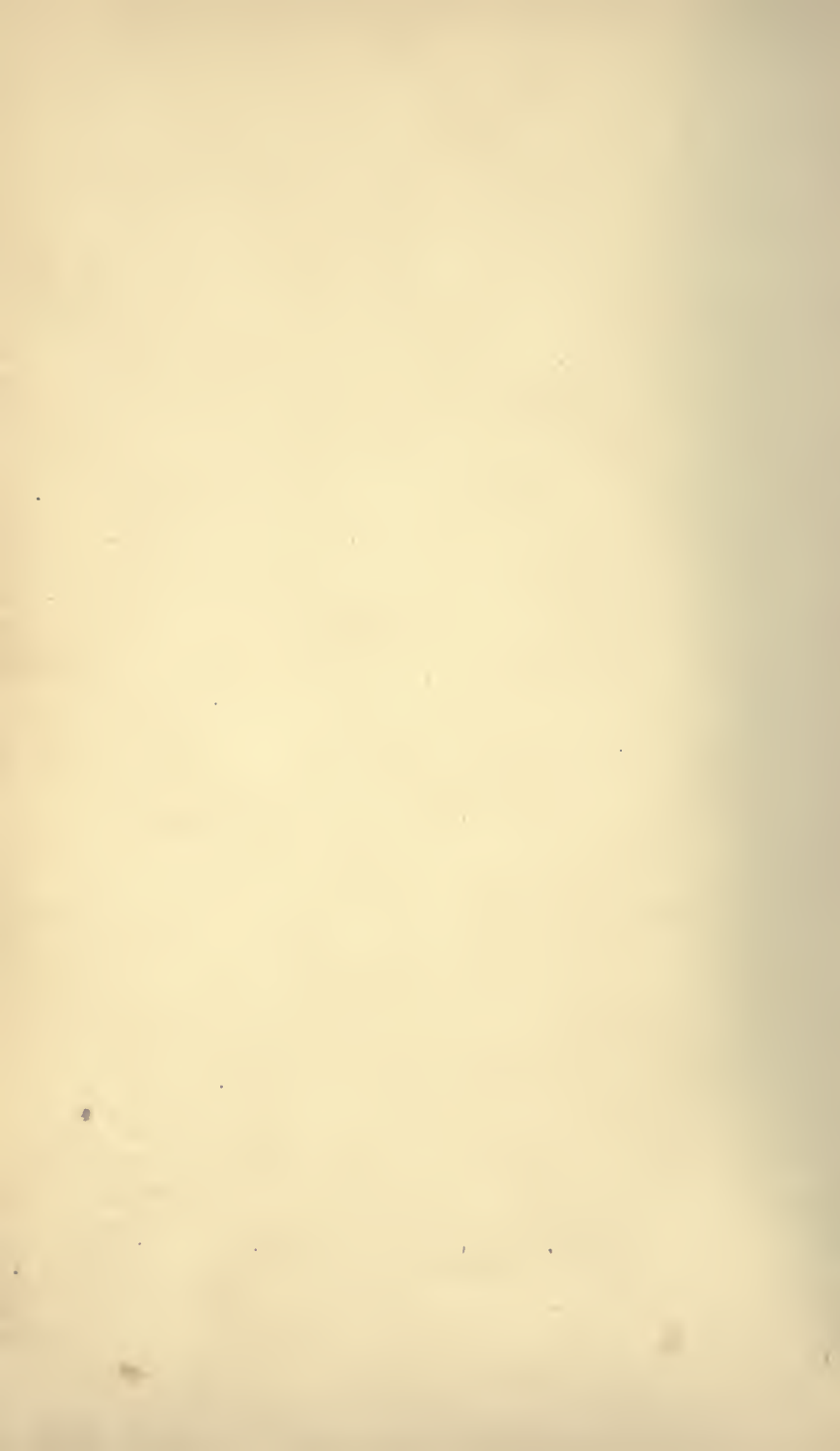
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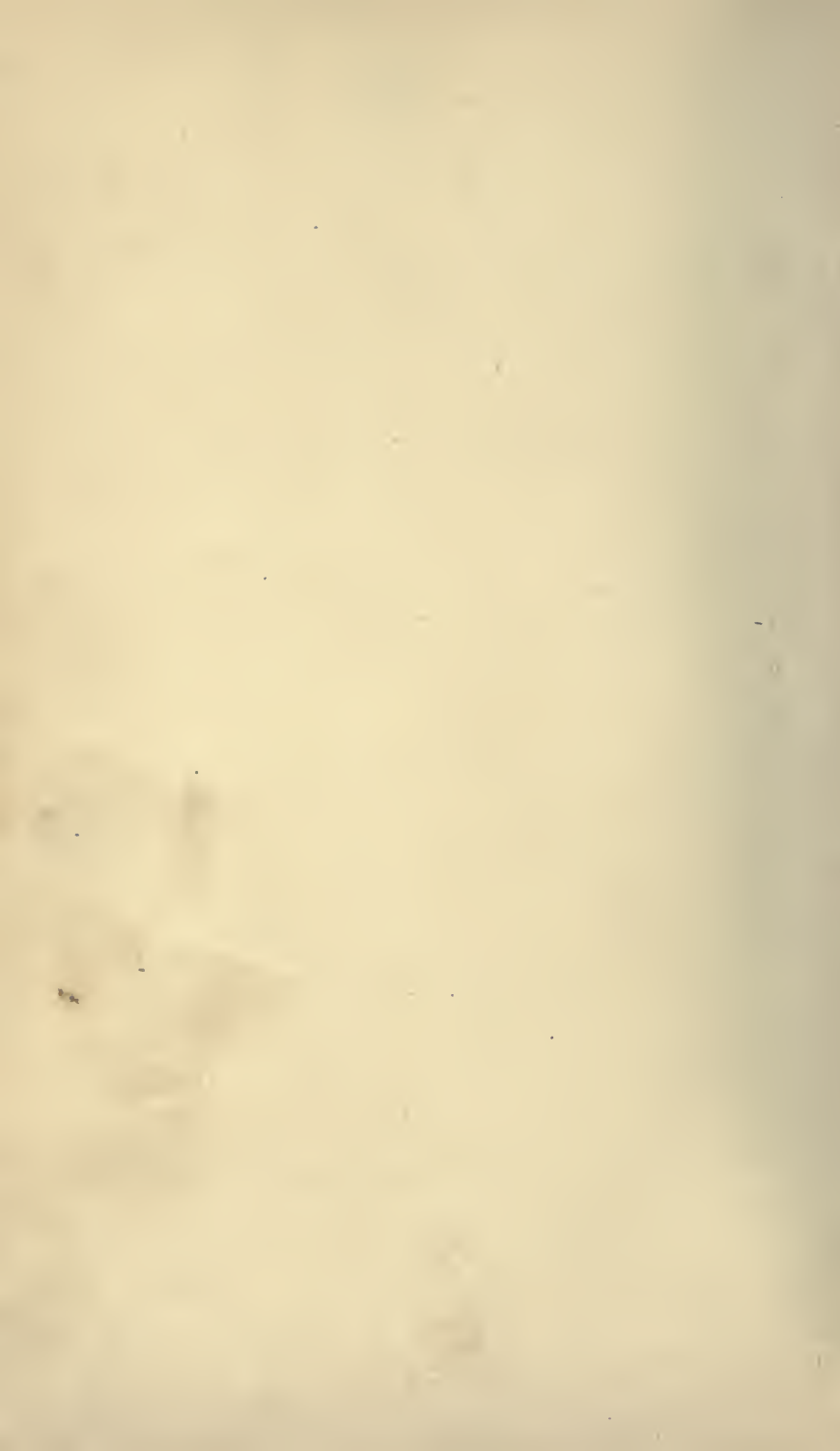
Prefatory Note

The following account of a four months' trip from Vancouver to witness the Coronation of King George V. originally appeared in the form of letters in the "World" newspaper, published at Vancouver.

The appreciative interest with which these letters were read prompts me to publish them, together with pictures from our camera, in book form, as a souvenir of the trip. They may also serve as a guide to what can be seen in a four months' holiday.

J. J. M.

July, 1912.



CHAPTER I.

Vancouver to Winnipeg

LEAVING Vancouver, the western commercial capital of Canada, with its extensive industrial waterfront and its population of 130,000 people, the first thing to attract the eye of the traveller is the Exhibition Park at Hastings. From the windows of the train we could see palatial buildings in course of erection. Everywhere an impression was given that there is "something doing." In my opinion, Hastings Park will have something to show the world in the next few years.

Then the site of the new bridge across Burrard Inlet to connect the two cities became visible, and also the North Arm of the Inlet, the great pleasure resort in summer.

All the industries here are in their infancy—chemical works, oil refineries, timber-yards, and shingle mills. Port Moody, the upper False Creek of Vancouver Harbour, is the site of the homes of tens of thousands of artisans, and of great reclamation works.

Yonder construction work is the new railway to Deep Cove and Indian River.

The Vancouver city of the future stretches right to Port Moody, the head of the Inlet. Let the pessimist say otherwise, if he pleases. At Pitt River, what beautiful valleys! what rich soil! how few people! how quiet the land! It should be the home of 50,000 cows, yet no dairies and no milkmaids were to be seen. Why should such things be at the threshold of a great city?

Then we came to the grand old Fraser River, and on the northern banks we saw a few people here and there; yes, and a Holstein cow or two and a few pigs at Ruskin.

Three highways of commerce run side by side to the Pacific coast, the C.P.R., the mighty Fraser, and along its southern banks we see the roadbed of the new trans-continental, the Canadian Northern. Thousands and thousands of acres of rich agricultural and pastoral lands are traversed by these three great arteries of commerce; but the land is for the most part in its wild state, as God made it, and the people of the cities import millions of dollars'-worth of farm, dairy, and garden produce annually; and millions of people in other countries hunger for homes on the land. Lawmakers and governments, solve the problem; the duty is yours; you have the machinery in your hands, and the material to work with; and when your work is consummated, children yet unborn will shower blessings on your names.

At Agassiz—fertile Agassiz!—we passed the experimental farm of the Dominion Government, a dead letter in the eyes of the observant agriculturist. What a chance is open here for an agricultural college! There are thousands of acres of the richest land in the Province at hand. The need for an agricultural school is urgent, and still our legislators and executive government neglect the duties that devolve upon them.

I foresee, in the near future, a great awakening. I see here at Agassiz an agricultural college and one hundred students of our best brain and brawn studying the science of an industry that is ultimately to be the basis of British Columbia's greatness. I see a Chair of Agriculture in connection with British Columbia's University. The time is not yet, but it is close at hand.

Harrison Hot Springs are near by, as yet an unknown quantity as a health resort. What an asset! yet how little appreciated by the powers that be! I see, in the future, a great sanatorium, with residences for the medical profession; a great city of bungalows and summer residences along the shores of the lake; a railway running right into the city. It would be an ideal week-end resort

for the brain-fagged and weary city man. But Harrison Hot Springs is now known simply as the place where there is a Government fish-hatchery!—

Passing from the rich valley of the Fraser and its vast possibilities for the workers and the home-seekers, we entered the Switzerland of Canada, a district with a future all its own. Here the wealthy may enjoy the glories of nature and the recuperative influences of mountain air and scenery. We took off our hats to the men whose engineering skill built this great railway through these mountain fastnesses. In the light of that achievement one can overlook any shortcomings in the management of such an institution as the C.P.R. The lives of thousands are daily in their hands, and the care and comfort enjoyed by the traveller through all the dangers of mountain railway travelling are marvellous. To the railwaymen—the engine-driver, the signaller, the section-man—we owe much, and we appreciate the great responsibility that falls upon them.

We like the names of Spuzzum, Spatsum, Shuswap, Kamloops, Squilax, Sicamous, Malakwa, Illecillewaet; but there is nothing euphonious about North Bend, Spences Bridge, Cherry Creek, Notch Hill, Salmon Arm, Three Valley, Twin Butte, Ross Peak, Rogers Pass, Bear Creek, Six Mile, Otter Tail. However, no matter what the name may be, every place possesses some peculiar natural beauty and grandeur. We wound our way through these British Columbia Alps by canyon side, skirting mountain capes and rivers and rivulets, ascending, still ascending from the Pacific water-level until we reached an altitude at Glacier of over 4,000 feet, alongside of which Mt. Sir Donald stands out like a pyramid 10,800 feet high. Then we travelled in a varying altitude till we reached Field, the terminus of the British Columbia division.

The Alberta division runs from Field to Swift Current, and embraces first of all superb mountain scenery at Stephen, Hector, Laggan, and Banff. Later the run is

through the monotonous but interesting prairie, where the temperature fell again to zero, blizzards being in evidence even at this time of the year (the month of April). We sought exercise on the platforms of the prairie railway-stations, but were glad to return to the warmth and comfort of our railway compartments. Winter on the prairie has no enchantment, even with fur robes, caps, and gloves; but the cheerful prairie pioneers, buoyant with hope and optimism, say "We have a glorious summer, though a short and busy one."

We had some notable people on board the train, including Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand, and his family, on their way to attend the Imperial Conference and the Coronation; Mr. T. T. Langlois, of Vancouver, and his family, going for a tour of Europe; the president of the Vancouver Exhibition Association and his family. Mr. George Middleton, of the Dominion assay office, Vancouver, was also a passenger travelling east, having returned on the *Makura* from a tour of Australia. He found a sublime contrast in the climate of the two countries. Mr. Thomas Dowling, of Vancouver, was also a passenger travelling to eastern cities on business.

The traveller is struck by the newness of things in Alberta; everything seems in its primitive stage. There is no attempt at luxury as far as farming is concerned. The little farmhouses are commonplace shacks; and from the railway-carriage one can see in places the farm implements lying around covered with snow, just where they were last used. There has been no attempt, as far as can be seen from the railway-line, to plant trees and provide the shelter and beauty which nature has in these regions omitted to supply.

Time changes all things, and no doubt time and population and prosperity will alter the aspect of this vast prairie country.

Passing into the Province of Saskatchewan, one immediately notices the improved character of the

agricultural lands. Until night overtook us, we saw nothing but thousands and thousands of acres of rich wheat lands, the small farm homesteads being silhouetted against the sky line. The conditions surrounding the homesteads are better, but there is still a great lack of ornamentation or trees of any kind. As we approached the capital city of Regina, we saw the new Parliament Buildings standing out on the prairie outside the city. In a few years this will be the centre of the city, as, like other western cities, Regina is growing by leaps and bounds.

The accumulation of new farm implements in the railway yards here is a good indication of what is going on. The telephone system plays an important part in farm life here. Every farmer of any importance has his telephone connection, which (in the winter especially) is a household comfort not to be despised. We passed through snow-storms and blizzards. Our New Zealand companions enjoyed what they termed their first taste of cold weather proper.

And then we arrived at Winnipeg, the wheat metropolis of the world, a place spoken of wherever wheat is grown.

I left Australia seven years ago to go into the wheat business in Winnipeg; my future postal address was Winnipeg, but the allurements of Vancouver intervened. Now I viewed Winnipeg for the first time, with its population of 170,000, and its wonderful progress and development. The stability of its buildings marks its permanency. Stores and brick blocks occupy the principal business streets; and it possesses an air of substance that can only be built upon a foundation of permanency. Agriculture is said to be the basis of a nation's greatness; and it is upon agriculture that the foundation of Winnipeg's greatness and prosperity has been firmly established. There is not much wheat in evidence in the city itself, though the business is done here on the Wheat Exchange. The wheat is placed in elevators along the railway line

where the farms are situated, and transported from there to water line into elevators at Fort William, where the storehouses are. The rest is done upon paper.

A farmer shows an elevator warrant for so many thousand bushels of wheat in Fort William. It is as good as a banknote, and can easily be negotiated at any time. I visited the Wheat Exchange, a fine massive building where the brokers have their offices. The pit is an animated scene. Members have to pay \$2,500 to be admitted to the pit, where all transactions are completed. Here you have your finger on the pulse of the wheat world. On a large blackboard at the end of the hall you learn that to-day, April 6, 1911, the visible supply of the world's wheat is 230,000,000 bushels; that the price is to-day in Chicago 87 cents; in Minneapolis, 93; in Winnipeg, 91—or rather, to be exact, 90 7.8 cents. (This is for May delivery, and all Winnipeg prices are for delivery at Fort William.) The lower quotation at Chicago is explained by the fact that the early wheat harvest of the lower States is in May and the new wheat is not so valuable for milling purposes as the old. The wheat dealers are in a big way here, some of the large dealers having as many as one hundred elevators in various wheat districts. The farmer pays one and three-quarter cents per bushel to place his wheat in the elevators; and after that he pays three quarters of a cent per bushel per month storage. In the meantime he has his warrant for the quantity, and it can be negotiated at any time. The Wheat Exchange is in direct touch by wire with the wheat markets of the world; and the "ticker" of the telegraph, together with the voices of the members, makes Bedlam.

Wheat! wheat! wheat! nothing but wheat; such is Winnipeg. The C.P.R. is a great railway, a great lever in the progress of the Dominion; but here in Winnipeg the Canadian Northern is a living force, and the Grand Trunk Pacific as well. The large Union Station building

is now nearly completed, and it is a credit to Winnipeg and a credit to the corporation that is building it. The homes of the people are away on the outskirts; miles of street-car service take you out to nice homes—some brick, some frame. The streets are in good shape. The difficulties in street-making are not great; with a little formation and the laying of the pavement you have a street as level as a bowling green.

Everything is big in Winnipeg—the big prairies and the big wheat fields, the biggest grain market in the world, the biggest railway yards in the world (110 miles of railway in the yards). A big people with big hearts and big prospects, big bank balances, and a big hospitality for the stranger.

It was my good fortune to drop in at the Canadian Club dinner, where seven hundred of these big men sat down to dine with Sir Joseph Ward (Premier of New Zealand) and the Rev. J. A. MacDonald, of the *Toronto Globe*. Both speakers secured a right royal reception from the prairie men. Sir Joseph was full of sentiments of loyalty to the Motherland, and the prospects of securing for the outposts of the Empire a voice in its councils either by way of a representative Imperial Council with active machinery or by other legislative powers. His sentiments were heartily applauded. Dr. MacDonald's address was interesting and forcible, and I was pleased to have the opportunity of hearing him, having missed the pleasure while he was at Vancouver.

The Exhibition grounds are conveniently situated on the car-line. I should imagine that they are altogether too small for the growing needs of a large and populous city like Winnipeg. There is a good half-mile track with grandstand and bleachers; the other buildings are of a primitive design, and no doubt will give place to better and larger accommodations as time and circumstances demand.

To reach Winnipeg we had to pass Calgary, Kananaskis,

Namaka, Kininvie, Sintaluta, Wapella, Moosomin, Kinkella—all of which names are unique. Some other places were too familiar, such as Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Red Jacket, Swift Current, Rush Lake, Broad View, and White Wood. There is not much in a name. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet"; but some of these names are absurdly ludicrous. We learned that Jack Knife and Black Jack were still ahead of us.

CHAPTER II.

Winnipeg to Toronto

ONE could hardly imagine such a vast extent of barren, useless country as lies between Winnipeg and Toronto. And one can understand the interior of Canada in earlier days being judged by this useless belt, often described by city politicians as a barren waste and one extensive morass.

“What is the use of this country?” I asked a passenger. “Can nothing be raised on it at all?”

“No, sir’ee,” abruptly returned my companion. “You couldn’t raise an umbrella.”

In some countries the brush might be cut off, to permit sheep grazing on such low, stony hills; but here a handi-coot couldn’t live. Within 100 miles of Toronto the character of the country improves. Beginning with poor little half-starved looking farmhouses, things got better, until we found the good old Ontario brick farmhouses, about which the old Ontario farmers have told us. Around these comfortable-looking homesteads there are old orchards and fine barns and outhouses. It struck me that there was a scarcity of paint in Ontario, the barns and outhouses not having been favoured with a touch of the paint brush from the day they were built.

At Fort William, the old home of Alderman George King, of Vancouver, we had a good glimpse of the great storehouses and elevators we have heard and read so much about. This is where the land and water meet, and where the wheat is transferred into the ships. At Port Arthur the great wheat ships, locked in solid ice awaiting the thaw of the summer, gave us a hint of what

Vancouver is to be as a port for the Western wheat-grower. From New Westminster to Eburne is to be the Port Arthur of the West. There the ships will come in and load all the winter, and the product of the Western farms will be available in an open port all the year round. The opening of the Panama Canal will add greater significance to the possibilities.



The Big Elevator, Port Arthur

From 100 miles past Vancouver until we were within 100 miles of Toronto we came through snow all the way. Snow was falling on Saturday, April 8, between Winnipeg and Fort William, and we thought of our beautiful daffodils and hyacinths and green lawns at Grandview, Vancouver, and the lovely spring weather there. I went to see a friend at Schrieber, and I looked for a city on Lake Superior, where I was to meet my friend, who went there many years ago. I found Schreiber, a poor little

desolate-looking place, nestled in a little barren, rocky nook on the banks of Lake Superior. But my friend had gone—committed suicide, or left for Prince Rupert or somewhere.

Still it is a pretty trip, skirting the shores of the lake, hanging on to rocky cliffs and zig-zagging up and down elevations. The wonder is that the railway authorities do not consider the comfort of the passengers by providing an observation car. The scenery is not in the same class with British Columbia; still, it is a wonderful relief to be able to sit in an observation car and view the country.

Dr. Elliott S. Rowe, of Vancouver, joined us at Winnipeg, and a fine, genial travelling companion he is. We discussed everyone of any importance and every public institution in Vancouver. We were kindred spirits as far as Vancouver was concerned. The doctor has an abiding faith in the destinies of Vancouver, and he is a heavy weight behind any boosting that has to be done.

The Ontario people are a Sabbath-respecting people. We travelled through the greater part on Sunday, and there was a restful atmosphere everywhere. In every hamlet and village we passed we saw people going to church; and there was no evidence at all of workaday life, such as may unhappily be seen elsewhere on Sundays. The big trees seemed to say: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it."

On Sunday everyone went to church in St. James's Cathedral, where there was abundant proof of the prevalence of church-going. The cathedral was full; and there was a choir of fifty-two men and boys. A good sermon was preached on "Judas," and we learned that even Judas had his good points as well as his bad. Around the walls of the cathedral, brass tablets speak of the people's love for the memory of Canada's sons who gave their lives for their country in the South African War. Their names and deeds are graven deeply in the hearts of

loyal Canadians, and their lives have not been given in vain; for in the heart of the city of Toronto rises a monument, doing credit to the citizens of Toronto, dedicated by them to the memory of those brave boys of Paardeberg, Dreifontein, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Diamond Hill, Belfast, Kimberley, and Mafeking.

Toronto impresses one immediately with its stability.



Toronto Monument to the South African Brave

The buildings, both in the city and suburbs, are solid and substantial. They are not run up for this year or for the next ten years, but are of a most permanent character. The stores and warehouses are of fine, solid, massive construction; and for miles and miles of suburbs nothing but substantial brick houses greet the eye. The only objectionable feature is the sameness of architecture. Evidently brick construction does not lend itself to the

adoption of attractive architecture so well as the wooden building of Vancouver. The streets are for the most part splendidly paved, with trees planted on almost all of them. When one sees the care taken in street tree-planting in other large cities, one cannot help denouncing the wicked vandalism perpetrated in Vancouver city by the destruction of valuable trees.

This is a city of universities, a city of learning and education. There is a street called College Street, on account of the number of colleges, both for boys and girls.

Vancouver can learn a good deal from Toronto as regards its street-car system. Each evening and morning there is a continuous supply of cars to take people to and from their work, and there is no unseemly overcrowding such as is continually experienced in Vancouver. What Toronto can do with her population Vancouver can also do on a lesser scale, if those who ought to see to it could be made to do so. One can ride five, six, and seven miles for a five-cent fare.

The Toronto Exhibition is the most important thing of its kind in Canada, and is said to be the largest annual exhibition in the whole world. Toronto townspeople acknowledge it to be the biggest publicity institution the city possesses. They are never tired telling of its great advantages to the city. Mr. H. J. F. Good, who for seventeen years has been connected with the institution as publicity agent, took us in hand, and was extremely earnest and solicitous for our welfare in our inspection of the grounds. Dr. Rowe, one of the directors of the Vancouver Exhibition, accompanied me on my tour of inspection. One has to see with his own eyes to realise the extent of the enterprise. The site covers 160 acres of park lands, overlooking Lake Ontario, giving a view almost equal to the view from Hastings Park grounds, but without the snow-capped mountains for a background. This grandstand, said Mr. Good, cost a quarter of a

million, and this administration building cost \$90,000. This building is the Railway building, and was erected by the three great railway companies—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, and the Grand Trunk Pacific—at a cost of over \$50,000. (Now, Vancouver, get busy with the railway companies, who take all they can get from Vancouver and give as little as they can.) The same complaint against the provincial government is made here as in Vancouver—that it is most niggardly in its support of what is really a State or provincial fair, giving this year only the paltry and contemptible sum of \$2,500. “But,” says Mr. Good, “something is going to be done.”

The Toronto exhibition is arranged in very much the same way as the Vancouver exhibition. The city owns the land and puts up the money for all the improvements; and the grounds are open to the public all the year round, except at exhibition time. It is the best advertising medium Toronto possesses.

“Why is it that Toronto Exhibition makes good all the time?” I asked.

“Because,” replied Mr. Good, “the men who run the Toronto Exhibition run it for the love of it, and not for what they can make out of it. Consequently we have the confidence of the public, and we clear over \$50,000 per annum, besides the great advertising we get for our products and manufacturing.”

Leaving Toronto, we passed through pleasant country, with nice downs, closely occupied by small landowners. Some very comfortable homesteads are in view of the railway. Hamilton is a substantially built city, almost entirely of red brick. The railway passes through one of the streets of the city—a feature which occurs in several cities we have been in. Around Hamilton, one of our travelling companions told us, is the garden of the country; and I quite believe it. Looking from the railway elevation, we saw below us a rich valley with small

well-kept farms, truck gardens, orchards, and vineyards—the first vineyards I had seen in the country. They seem to be well looked after and in good shape. In the distance along the valley we saw the smoke curling up from the engine of the Grand Trunk Pacific; and here and there we crossed the tracks of other railways—an experience which Vancouver will have in the near future, when it attains the convenience and comfort of competitive railway lines.

CHAPTER III.

Niagara Falls

AND now we came to the great, roaring, world-famous Niagara Falls. When I was a boy on a farm in Australia, we had an old picture almanack on the kitchen wall for years—an illustration of Niagara Falls. And in those days it was our one ambition to see these wonderful falls; then the axe might fall. They were many miles wider and many thousands of feet higher, and the roar of the falling waters could be heard many hundred miles further away. Distance lent enchantment and romance to its fame in those days of youthful imagination.

Still, discounting all romance and exaggeration, the sight is one worth travelling long distances to see. As you approach the grand panorama, you not only see this great picturesque sight and hear the roar as of many mighty seas, but you actually “feel” it, as a descriptive writer has put it, because the spray splashes over you in thin mist up from this tempestuous and tumultuous glory while you gaze with reverential awe and mighty inspiration on the magnificent view.

Besides the Falls there are the rapids and the gorge, seven miles long, the great steel suspension bridges, and the numerous power-houses, where electricity is generated and harnessed-up to drive this eastern world. All kinds of industries are established for a hundred miles around, industries of which I had never heard before—electro-chemical, carborundum, graphite, lead, stone works, steel works, and scores of others. The towns for hundreds of miles around are lit up by electricity generated by this mighty natural force, and the cars in a score of cities are drawn by the same power.



Niagara Falls

We were told that the exact height of the waterfall is 167 feet; and the contour line of the great Horseshoe fall, the grandest of the two, is 3,010 feet. This is what is known as the Canadian Falls. It is calculated that the continuous fall of water is wearing away the solid rock over which it pours at the rate of two and one-half feet a year, and that fifteen million cubic feet of water passes over the falls every minute. Mrs. Taylor went over the falls in a barrel on October 24, 1901, and lived to tell the tale. One would expect to find this turbulent torrent in the fastness of the Rocky Mountains or some such wild imprisonment, but not where it really is, in the midst of a level agricultural and farming country, a fertile plateau. Farmers can be seen ploughing their fields in view of this great natural phenomenon; orchards and maple forests line the banks of the gorge, which extends from the falls to the lake, a distance of about seven miles. It is what we would call a huge ravine, and scientists say that it has taken about seventy thousand years to be cut out by the erosion of the falls. Along the top of this ravine on the Canadian side the cars run, giving a magnificent view of the torrent on its way to the lake after passing the falls. The gorge or ravine is crossed on a suspension bridge, and the car travels along on the American side at the foot of the gorge at the water's edge, passing the "Devil's Hole."

This spot is prominent in the annals of Niagara Frontier history. A British caravan and a company of soldiers were ambushed and massacred by the Indians in 1763, the entire company being driven over the cliff to death on the rocks below.

The great whirlpool rapids were passed also, churning, tossing, and forming a scene that holds one spell-bound with amazement, admiration, and awe. At Queenstown Heights we saw the Brock monument, erected to the memory of the famous British General, Sir Isaac Brock, who fell in battle here in the war of 1812. Along the way may be seen the cenotaph erected by the Prince of

Wales (late King Edward VII.) on his visit in 1860, marking the spot where General Brock fell. One could spend a whole week here and be kept interested in the world-famed spot. Visitors are invited to descend, clad in oil-skin garments, and proceed behind the great curtain of falling water. The effect is wonderful to behold. The *Maid of the Mist*, a little boat, also takes the visitor, in summer time, right up to the very presence of the falling waters, until driven back by the spray and mist. At present the floating ice prevents the accomplishment of this trip, as thousands of tons of ice are tumbling down with the waters. In winter the great hills of ice which are here formed produce a very beautiful effect.

There are two good-sized towns, one on each side, which cater for the huge business of the tourists from all parts of the world. Souvenir-stores, hotels, cafés, and carriages are all in evidence; and one can well imagine what the business is in the tourist season, as even at the time I was there the cars seemed pretty well filled, and people were to be seen everywhere, all interested in this great tourist resort.

Indian tradition has told that the Spirit of Niagara has demanded, and always will demand, a yearly sacrifice of at least two human lives. It would seem that in the old days the Indians estimated that at least one of these two lives would be furnished by accident, as they used to choose and give but one, the fairest maiden of the tribe, each year. This was done by placing her in a canoe laden with fruit and flowers to appease the spirit, and so she was sent over the falls to destruction. And the Indian tradition is borne out in the history of civilisation, for it is calculated that two lives are lost every year, either by accident or suicide.

The city of Buffalo, in the United States, is situated close by, and is a very fine, solidly-built city, the outskirts and suburbs being formed by industrial establishments and workmen's cottages and homes. Electric cars run



Entrance to Stadium, Syracuse

every fifteen minutes to and from Niagara, a distance of some twenty miles, and a good service is maintained. Here in this city is strong evidence of the utility of cheap water-power; for the whole city at night is one blaze of light, with every conceivable form of advertisement and illumination. There appears to be no limit to the speed of automobiles. The city is full of them, and they go at a pace that makes one keep to the sidewalks. Confusion to a Vancouverite is almost certain, seeing that all the traffic follows the opposite rule of the road to what it does in Vancouver.

The speed of charges for a taxicab is also swift. They charged us at the rate of six hundred dollars a day to convey us from the railway station to the hotel, calculating twenty-four hours to the day! But that is a mere bagatelle, when one is out to see the sights and pay for it. Our next stop over was at Syracuse, a city of some 140,000 inhabitants, also of a very substantial and permanent appearance. The country between Buffalo and Syracuse—a distance of some 160 miles—is agricultural; and, judging by the orchards and farms, a very old settled district. Some very fine farm-houses are seen. Some of the older ones evidently derive a revenue from their barns and stables, for all along the route one sees advertisements in large letters painted upon the walls and roofs of the barns.

There is here a fine university, with magnificent buildings, including the great stadium (the largest on the continent), built by the munificent generosity of one of her good citizens. This stadium, which will seat 30,000 people and is built of solid cement and concrete, overlooks the city, and can be seen for miles around. When Vancouver can boast of such a fine university, overlooking the Gulf of Georgia, we will be a proud people, and the Provincial Government will have equal pride with the people in being the instruments of its establishment. Here the State of New York exhibition grounds are



The Stadium, Syracuse

situated, and I paid a visit of inspection to them. Some 200 acres are covered with buildings. After seeing these grounds, and also the Toronto grounds, the people of Vancouver must induce the city council to devote the whole of Hastings Park to exhibition purposes. It must be of advantage to the city and the province, and the sooner it is decided upon the better.

Many of the buildings are frame, and have seen better days; but others are of palatial and artistic architecture and ornaments to the grounds. There is a fine one-mile race track, with smaller tracks and parade rings inside and a grand stand to seat 30,000 people, built entirely of steel. Gardens and lawns are laid out, but show evidence of having experienced a hard winter. Two railway systems have stations in the grounds, and there is an electric car system besides. I wish the Government of British Columbia could see the good that is here done by the State Government of New York, and perhaps they would awake to the possibilities of the Vancouver Exhibition.

Syracuse was at one time the home of salt production. The old salt wells and evaporation works are still in evidence along the shores of the lakes close by the Exhibition grounds, but other States have produced salt at a smaller cost, and competition has injured the trade of this district.

By appointment a family reunion was held at the Onondaga Hotel, where Mrs. Miller met a brother (and his now grown-up family) whom she had not seen for thirty-eight years. It was a joyous family meeting, and a nice reference was made to the dinner party by a Syracuse paper. One result of the meeting may be the emigration to British Columbia of a sturdy family of young Americans.

To reach New York we pass through Albany, the capital city of New York State, on the Hudson River. Here is the great Capitol building which cost some

\$28,000,000, and which suffered loss by fire a few weeks ago to the extent of some eight million dollars. It is a busy port and railway centre. All the railways of a nation seem to centre here; and boats of every conceivable size are seen upon the river. Following the course of the wide river, we ultimately reached New York, with all its noise and bustle. It is, we were told, a second London; and in a short time, now very short, it will surpass the great London of England.

CHAPTER IV.

New York

NEW YORK is the greatest city in the world, so the people there told us, and would surpass even London were she able to annex the populous suburbs which lie in another State. The biggest thing about New York is her buildings. In the down-town section one has to look twice to see the top of some of them; and although she is called the "City of Sky-scrappers," there are no sky-scrappers outside the immediate centre or group of tall houses.

The main part of the city extends for miles upon miles of four and five-storey brick buildings. The life of the people is essentially a city life. Nowhere within easy reach of the city can be seen the beautiful suburban bungalows or private residences with flower-gardens and lawns such as may be seen at Vancouver. Business does not appear to be confined to any particular section of the city. Everywhere you go—five miles, ten miles out—there you see business streets.

The transportation of the people is the great problem in a city of the dimensions of New York.

We went up a flight of stairs in the street and took the elevated street railway, which is simply a huge steel bridge extending for scores of miles through the streets. We had a view into the windows of the third and fourth storeys. The train, which was a quick traveller but mighty noisy on this bridge-like structure, consisted of from four to six and seven cars, and stopped at the street stations every four or five blocks. No time was lost at these stoppages. People are accustomed to step off and

step on quickly. We must have travelled twenty miles on one of these cars—considerably over 200 blocks—all for five cents.

Then we went down a stairway in the street into the bowels of the earth, and there we saw a busy, bustling city. Thousands and thousands of people we found in closely packed underground trains speeding about everywhere under the city, and under the water as well.

Just here let me say that even in New York, with all her advanced car system, I have seen these underground cars packed with people as densely as we have them at Grandview. They have the advantage here of more straps to hang on to; and no one is allowed to stand on the steps or hang on to the back of the cars. The doors, opening and closing automatically, allow of no one riding except inside the cars.

Then we had the usual street surface cars, such as are seen in most other cities, and these were full all day long. Twenty people got off at street crossings and twenty people got on, and so it went on all day. Along the street near the ferries we saw the old horse cars still in use as a means of conveyance, which appeared obsolete compared with the other systems in the city.

Easter is a great time in New York, and Easter Sunday (the day set apart for the commemoration of a risen Saviour who opened up the first way for man's salvation) is celebrated by a grand parade of fashion on Fifth Avenue, the fashionable street. Thousands of richly-gowned women, both on foot and in carriages, automobiles, and taxicabs, parade up and down in commemoration of this great world's event. Of course, the churches are full as well.

We went to St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral and heard the great Easter cantatas and musical service. Five thousand people were in the cathedral and five thousand outside. In the evening most of the churches were closed. In New York, once a day, especially on

Easter Sunday, is considered sufficient when the parade is taken into consideration as well. We found a little Reform Episcopal church on Madison Avenue open, but there was no rushing or crowding to fill the rows of empty pews.

Snow fell during the morning, but in the afternoon the sun came out, and the parade was a huge success. A peculiar event for an Easter Sunday celebration !

On Monday we went to the big Hippodrome theatre, said to be the biggest stage on record—200 feet by 110 feet, with room for 1,200 performers. The scenic effect was one of grandeur. Perhaps the best of all was the Falls of Niagara. Upon the stage (or perhaps under the stage, when the floor was removed by automatic action) there was a body of water, where horses and men plunged in and swam, and water-nymphs rose up clad in electric lights; the effect really was wonderful and marvellous. One of the characters, a young lady equestrienne who played an important part and undertook a lengthy ride for the rescue of her brother from the enemy, was really assailed the day we were there by an actual lover, an electrician employed on the premises, who on several occasions had been rejected as a suitor. He fired three shots at the young lady; one grazed her cheek, and one went through the arm of her dress.

Young Christopher Henry, a ball-player, was the hero of Easter Sunday. They play ball and generally enjoy themselves on Sundays in this country. While playing in a match and making a run which meant loss or victory to his side, Henry heard screams over the eight-foot board fence separating the grounds from the Harlem River. He forgot the game, scaled the fence, plunged into the river, and saved the lives of a little boy and girl who were drowning before the eyes of their companions. His side lost the game; but he was carried shoulder-high, the hero of the day, having performed an act of courage worthy of the highest honour.

I called upon Dr. Neil MacPhatter, brother of Captain Matt. MacPhatter, of Vancouver. He is the president of the Canadian Club of New York. He was much interested in British Columbia, and said Vancouver is destined to be a second New York. He had invited Mr. Richard McBride to address the Canadian Club on his way to the Coronation. "Dick will give you a good flute about B.C.," I said. "You call him 'Dick,' do you?" "Yes, the Premier is 'Dick' McBride to the British Columbian. The only thing I have against him is that he is too parsimonious towards our exhibition." The doctor laughed, and said they would give "Dick" a good time in New York. He ridiculed the idea of America annexing Canada. The American citizen, he said, admires the free British institutions and the love of justice and liberty under the British flag.

The Canadian Club of New York is a living institution, and the president, Dr. MacPhatter, a real live wire.

The New Yorker is British to a degree. Some of the names of the places you pass give evidence of this. Here we have Marlborough, Durham, Jersey, Montgomery, Milton, Scotland, Cromwell, besides Amsterdam, Athens, Aesopus, Bethlehem. They have not pledged themselves so much to the native names as the Canadians. I like the native names.

Splendid monuments were to be seen on every hand, erected to the memory of the great men of America, whose deeds and achievements are the pride of the citizen. The Statue of Liberty at the entrance to the harbour is as striking as its fame has told us, and it may mean anything to the thoughtful immigrant as he views it for the first time. Liberty! O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name! Political liberty is good so far as it produces private liberty. The spirit of liberty in a new country is exhilarating. Liberty is good if justice is paramount.

New York is so big and so well known by its own

people that the visitor is forgotten. It is not understood that the stranger has to learn New York. Though there may be information bureaus and visitors' guide-books, they are conspicuous only by being unseen. While every railway time-table in the Union can be found on the racks of the hotels, no books or pamphlets about New York can be seen; and though police and conductors are courteous and civil, they appear to know only their own beat or route, and are not walking encyclopædias for the public. The hotel employees are in the same category. Surely they want a Dr. Rowe and a tourists' or publicity bureau in New York city?

We explored the city ourselves without guide or guide-books, and made good. We found Central Park, that great domain in the centre of the city. Man has made it beautiful and accessible by good roads and drives. It still wears its winter garb. But, Stanley Park, thou hast no compeers! The statue of Columbus overlooks the park. Some day Vancouver will be able to afford its monuments and statuary. Let Vancouver begin with those of Captain Vancouver and Captain Cook.

The Zoological Gardens were excellent. Here they had brought logs a long distance, and had erected artistic log houses and log cabins. Vancouver should have one or two in Hastings Park, where the logs are at hand. The exhibits in the Zoo were remarkable for their numbers. That is, there were quite herds of all kinds of deer, antelope, and buffalo. My native country was well represented by the dingo, the emu, and the various parrots and cockatoos; but I failed to see a kangaroo. The Zoo is worth seeing, and so are the Botanical Garden and its fine conservatory.

To know New York one needs a full month; its dimensions are big, its journeyings by car are long, and one does not cover much of it in one day. You inquire your way to the Cunard liners' pier. You are told to take this car coming—Lexington Avenue and Twenty-Third and Ferries; transfer at Twenty-Third, and take a

Broadway to Fourteenth; transfer to Fourteenth Cross-town to Ferries E. through car. This is very simple, but not so simple as it looks, in a crowded city with scores of cars flying in all directions, when you haven't your bearings and don't know which is east or which is west. The taxicab is not so extortionate as we found it in Buffalo. We only paid in New York at the rate of \$96 per diem; consequently we considered we got off light.

The map of New York is much like Vancouver, with the advantage in favour of Vancouver, which has an eastern outlet for the building-up of a large city and a nicer harbour. One thinks he knows everything about his own city till he gets away, and then he finds he is unequipped to answer the most simple questions. Boasting of Vancouver's splendid harbour and describing the narrow entrance, I was asked the width of the narrows—a question which nonplussed me. However, I hazarded the opinion that it was about three hundred yards wide at low water, which appears ridiculous to those who have never seen such a narrow entrance to such a fine harbour. I intend to go back again some time to New York to see more of this and other big cities close by.

CHAPTER V.

Across the Atlantic

ON April 19 we boarded our good ship *Lusitania* at the Cunard piers. These piers are extensive, with fully a quarter of a mile of frontage and with jetties for numbers of vessels. The buildings are very substantially constructed of steel and concrete. Awaiting us on board was our accumulation of letters, which showed that our good friends at Vancouver had not forgotten us at Easter time. We were glad to have reports of "All well."

Our boat was a leviathan of the deep, 790 feet long—the length of two city blocks. It would almost fill Hastings Street from Carrall Street to Cambie Street. She is 80 feet high to top deck, and when fully loaded displaces 45,000 tons of water. Her engines are of 70,000 horsepower. She carries 2,350 passengers—as many as the population of many small cities; and there are nearly 1,000 employees on board. She travels about 25 or 26 miles an hour. She has two elevators for passengers from one deck to another. She has two barbers' shops, two fancy goods shops; a telegraph office, where passengers can send telegrams to any part of the world; a post office and stamp office, a money exchange office, a doctor, a drug store, a public stenographer, and a daily paper, with latest news from all parts of the world by wireless telegraphy. This paper is published every morning, and sold to passengers at five cents each.

We had on board from Vancouver Mr. D. R. Brown, of Brown and Macauley; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Springer, Mr. and Mrs. George Macdonald, and Mr. W. McClelland Moore. Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand, and party were also aboard.

We left New York under fair weather. From the deck of the steamer one gets an excellent view of New York harbour, with its numerous shipping facilities on either side, connecting with the great railway systems of the country. Here also one gets a view of the great skyscrapers, among which is the Singer building—the highest tenement building in the world. We soon came to the entrance to the harbour, where stands “Liberty,” guarding the entrance with hand uplifted, as if saying, “Liberty for all who enter here.” Cameras were brought into active operation, and “Liberty” was bombarded by a hundred lenses.

We were told we had one hour to Sandy Hook, when all letters or telegrams must be written and the last word said, as the pilot leaves us there and returns with the mail sack. As far as we could see, there is no Sandy Hook. There was a little steamer waiting for us; they put off a little boat, and we dropped the pilot and the mail bag, and away we went. Soon we were out of sight of land and on the high seas. The first day was peaceful, with a sea like glass, and we felt that life on the ocean was grand; but on the second day we went into heavy seas, and the great leviathan pitched and rolled, and passengers hurried to the privacy of their cabins.

“I was under the impression that the large Cunarders never rolled,” I said to one of the stewards. “Neither they do, sir, very much; but somehow she seems chucked out of her gait to-day.” She remained “chucked out of her gait” for two solid days, and consequently very few appeared at table during meal hours. It was something unexpected to see the dinner-tables protected with the 3-inch railing to keep the crockery safe.

On Saturday night we organised a concert in aid of the Seamen’s Orphans’ Institute at Liverpool, at which I presided; while Mrs. Miller performed at the piano, and Mr. W. McClelland Moore, of Vancouver fame, was general stage manager. The concert was a huge success,

and over \$45 was taken up by collection in aid of the Institute.

Appalling is the report of loss of life at sea. During 38 years no fewer than 148,594 seamen died in English ships abroad, of whom 97,122 were drowned; and children of these men who are unprovided for are cared for by the Institute, no fewer than 1,329 receiving the benefits during the past year.

On Sunday morning Divine service was held by the captain. There was a big congregation; the singing was good, and a string band was in attendance. The collection was again devoted to the Seamen's Orphanage. In the prayer for the King, the President of the United States was also included—a significant indication of the close relationship between the two nations. The prayer for those at sea was all-embracing, and submissively reliant upon Him who rules the deep. This large congregation, upon their knees in public worship out on the great and mighty deep, was in striking contrast to the fashionable parade of last Sunday in New York. A sacred concert was held in the evening, with Mrs. Miller presiding at the organ and Mr. McClelland Moore (who was the organising life of the party) as director. Mr. Hamilton Hodges, the well-known professional singer of New Zealand, contributed some selections which were much appreciated.

On Monday morning we were all on the alert, as we were told that we would shortly see Old Ireland. And, sure enough, just after breakfast time the rocky southern coast loomed up in view, and the gulls came out to meet us in myriads; and we gazed for the first time on the shores of that little island of unrest and disquietude, which has given some of the best and ablest citizens to the far outposts of the Empire. We saw little difference between this coast and that of the west of Vancouver Island; and the traveller might fancy himself approaching Flattery for the entrance of Juan de Fuca. We passed lighthouses

and various smacks and small craft, and crossed the Channel straight for Fishguard, our landing-place on the south-west coast of Wales, the nearest British port to New York, and within 260 miles of London.

We passed more little craft, and then a sailing ship making up the Channel, full-rigged, which was a very pretty sight. We soon sighted the harbour of Fishguard, which was being made safe by breakwaters. The coast is uninviting, being rocky and precipitous. We anchored in the harbour, as the huge boat could not draw up to the wharf. Three large boats came alongside, with half a hundred officers and men; and in a short time the luggage was transferred into one boat, the mails into another, and about 500 of the passengers into another. The remainder went on to Liverpool, where they arrived early next morning.

Although England is a Free Trade country, we had to pass the Customs officers. We were all ranged up alphabetically, our baggage having previously been arranged in similar order on the boat. The inspection, however, was perfunctory. All they looked for was tobacco, wines, and perfumery. Mr. W. McC. Moore was presented with a box of 100 cigars on board, in token of his entertaining abilities; so, of course, he was in trouble right away. We explained the circumstances under which the cigars were given, and begged for leniency. At last the officer said: "We'll let you off this time, but don't do it again."

In an hour the baggage was all examined, passed, loaded with the passengers on three special trains, and started off for London at the rate of 60 miles an hour. They do the 262 miles in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. It was too fast for us; and, as we wanted to see the country through Wales, we remained behind at Fishguard, a quaint little historical fishing village, full of interest. Our feet were on British soil, and we made up our minds to have a good look round in the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

Through Wales

WE enjoyed the full luxury and comfort of an English hotel at Fishguard. The servants were courteous and attentive, and the food was served up in the delicious manner of the English. One felt, not merely saw, the difference. For the first time in ten years I placed my boots outside the hotel bedroom door on retiring, and found them cleaned in the morning. This practice is not followed on the American continent.

We sent telegrams to our friends to say we had arrived. We noticed that the charge was twelve words for sixpence, and a halfpenny a word afterwards, all over England. Why, they charge you as much to speak on the telephone from Vancouver to North Vancouver.

We got into a private smoking-room to enjoy the weed without having to sit in the front window on view, as is the case in nearly all American hotels.

We were awakened in the early morning with the singing of the birds. Mrs. Miller hadn't heard the sound for over thirty years; and she had the windows opened to hear once again the thrush, the linnet, and the finch; and she felt revived.

We were soon up and about for a long walk through this little Welsh village. The spring had come; the grass was green, the flowers in full bloom, the furze hedges a yellow blaze, the air fresh and bracing, so that we felt invigorated. The little streets are twenty and thirty feet wide; the little cottages are whitewashed, with old slate roofs and little stone fountains to catch the water from the hillside. We noted the Welsh names on some of

the better houses—"Gwenfor," "Gwyllt," "Noddfa," "Gwalia," "Gwylfa," "Glendower." "Mr. Llewelyn" seems to have several businesses here.

In the little main street is a lifeboat station, with all the life-saving apparatus; for the Fishguard coast is a dangerous one, and hundreds of lives have been lost hereabouts. Upon a tablet alongside the street is a long list of the boats that have been helped in distress, and the



A Welsh Hotel

number of lives saved—something over 600 lives from time to time. Many and good are the stories of the pluck and bravery of the life-savers here. The Welshmen are strong and brave.

Although the port of Fishguard is but a new addition to the ports of the world, it possesses a long and interesting history. Its natural facilities as a port appear to have been recognised in Norman times. William, the all-

conquering Norman, sent one Martin de Turribus to Fishguard Bay, the old name being Aber Gwaun. The intrepid sons of Wales drove him out by showering stones upon him and his company from the cliffs above. In 1210 King John landed there from Dublin. A French invasion was attempted there in 1797. Local patriotism was stirred to its utmost; the French troops were menaced, and eventually surrendered to Lord Cawdor, leader of the British forces. A local tradition goes that Jemima Nicholas organised the local women, and marched them towards the French camp. Their scarlet cloaks were mistaken for those of British soldiers, and this hastened the decision to surrender. Afterwards some of the Welsh maidens ran away with the French soldiers to France. A memorial stone is erected in memory of Jemima Nicholas, "the Welsh heroine," who died March, 1832, aged eighty-two years.

The Welsh women deliver milk around the village in little two-wheel carts drawn by the well-known and far-famed little Welsh ponies. We must, however, now leave this pretty little quaint, picturesque, and historical Welsh village.

We paid our hotel bill in pounds, shillings, and pence, and were courteously escorted by the hotel porter to our train at 10 o'clock. This train is about the size of the Vancouver inter-urban, driven by steam, and away behind the times in comfort, convenience, cleanliness, and speed. We traversed twenty miles of picturesque scenery, with little farmsteads and small plots edged with furze. Here and there we saw a farmer at work, sometimes with two horses and a plough, sometimes with one horse and the old-fashioned wooden harrow. Black-faced sheep with their young lambs and black Welsh cattle were visible, and the railway banks were covered with primroses and wild violets and daffodils.

At the junction, Whitland, we transferred to the London train, and passed by numberless stations with

Welsh names—Llanelly, Llonghor, Llandore, Llansamlet, Llanharan, Llantrisant, Llandaff. For the whole way, right to the very threshold of the city of London, it is one vast extent of splendid agricultural and grazing land, sub-divided by hedges into small farms. Judging by the small area of ploughed land and the large number of cattle and sheep to be seen everywhere, the country seems to be used more for grazing than for anything else. The cattle are mostly the long-horned black; and, while they may be useful cattle for beef, it appears to me that, if this fine country were stocked with the best dairy herds, the returns would be two and threefold what they now are. A great many store cattle and seedy-looking steers are seen occupying country that should be used for dairying, thus giving employment to more people and bringing in better returns. The presence of the donkey here and there reminded us we were in England; otherwise one might fancy himself travelling through a farming district in Australia, so much alike is the country to many parts of Australia.

As we neared Carmarthen the country improved, the farms were better, and the roads good, though very narrow, being only about twenty feet wide. The improvement continued as far as Swansea. Skirting the waters of the Bristol Channel, we passed under the Severn by a tunnel four and a-half miles long, which is said to be one of the world's principal engineering triumphs. The old Cardiff Castle, close by the railway, reminded us that we were approaching a place with the saddest of memories for my wife; for in Cardiff Cemetery sleeps Mrs. Miller's father, snatched away, forty years ago, from his children while they were hardly old enough to lisp his name. The remembrance of the funeral procession on a winter's day, through deep snow, necessarily brought up thoughts hallowed and sweet, though sad. The children were scattered to the four quarters of the globe; some have gone where their father is; and now, after forty years, and in the

coronation time of King George V., the reunion of the remaining members of the Gordon family took place.

Cardiff is a fine city, with all the peculiarities of old civilisation, and with pretty country all around. Before reaching Cardiff we passed through great industrial and coal-mining centres, with several important railway junctions. The quietness of it all was marvellous—no hustle, no rush. Very few people were to be seen about on the farms, or even on the roads; and one wondered where the population was, and what they were doing.

When, within fifty miles of London, we came upon old Father Thames, Florence exclaimed, "Oh, what a 'cute little pond." A passenger laughed, and said, "Why, that is the River Thames."

It is a narrow, grassy-banked "little pond," with boats, boat-houses, old-fashioned inns, and quaint churches, with their little God's acre alongside, where sleep the frontiersmen, the forefathers of the present generation. We ran along the banks of the river, and after passing Reading we saw names with which we were familiar—"Huntley and Palmer." This is where the great biscuit factory of far renown is situated. Shortly afterwards we passed by the farms of "Sutton's Seeds," right by the railway, and also "Scott's Emulsion" factory, and a score of similar industries. And around it all we saw sheep in the turnips and cattle browsing in the open fields right up to the very threshold of London.

This was remarkable and surprising to me. In my imagination I conjured up a scene of a hundred miles of suburbs before reaching the ultimate city; but peaceful country life was in evidence within a few minutes of the heart of London. We ran quickly into Paddington Station, expecting to be carried away by the pressing throng; but we alighted quietly on an old stone pavement, and asked an old, lame porter where the baggage department was, as our baggage had gone ahead of us. "Come and I will show you," he said, and bumped along with a

grip in each hand, and conducted us to a little old shabby, musty office, about eight feet by ten, where there was one clerk behind an old counter six feet long. In response to our inquiry he looked up his book. "Yes, sir; six packages arrived last night, and I sent them up to your hotel by our van. You'll find them there all right. Thanks, sir." That was easy. We expected to have to chase our baggage all over London to find it. One old man and a boy seemed to run the whole thing.

The old man put us in a taxicab, and we were soon rattled up to the hotel, at a cost not exceeding fifty dollars per day. The farther we get away from home, the cheaper the taxicab gets. Womanlike, Mrs. Miller, in her excitement, left her satchel, with all her valuables, in the train. We telephoned to Paddington Station asking if it had been picked up. They said, "Come and see." The next morning we went down to the same little dusty old office, and saw another clerk, who asked for a description of the missing property, which, agreeing with his little book, was promptly handed over intact, much to the joy of the careless one. "How much to pay?" I asked. "Sixpence, please, sir." "Here, take a bob." "Thanks, sir"—which closed a little episode interesting and educational.

So now we were in the heart of the Empire, where stirring events were taking place—the place with a history, the place that is making history, the changing-house of the Empire.

CHAPTER VII.

London

WE took up our quarters at the Strand Palace Hotel, which is the old Exeter Hall transformed into an up-to-date hotel. This hall was the scene of many important public meetings in days gone by, and was latterly used chiefly by the Y.M.C.A. It is situated in the heart of busy London; for there we were close to Charing Cross Railway Station, Parliament House, Westminster Abbey, all the theatres, Trafalgar Square, Buckingham Palace, and most of the colonial offices.

On the evening we arrived I was in the House of Commons.* We passed the challenge of about a dozen policemen before we reached the lobby. When asked our business we said, "We want to see our member." "The name of your member?" "Sir Joseph Martin," was our reply; and we wrote his name on the card provided for that purpose, stating our business, which was "business connected with the colonies." Soon "Joe" appeared in the lobby, and we were most cordially received. After a long chat about Vancouver and its interests (which of course was "colonial business") he secured tickets for us for the Speaker's Gallery the next day. Mr. Martin finds life congenial and interesting. His constituency is but ten or fifteen minutes from the Houses of Parliament.

* It is remarkable that so many in London have been born and bred within a few miles of the Houses of Parliament and have felt no desire to get within the walls and listen to the debates. A friend of mine said, "What! you have been to the House of Commons already!" "Yes," I replied; "I wasn't two hours in London before I was in the lobby, and within twenty-four hours I had heard the Premier, Mr. Balfour, and other members of the Government." "Why," he responded, "I've lived here all my life and have never been inside the House."

We passed through Westminster Hall in going to the lobby. Here are the statues of Kings of England—James I., Charles I., and Charles II., with his little spaniel; William III., Prince of Orange, and Mary, George IV., and William IV. Brass tablets here and there mark spots of historic interest. This spot is where the body of King Edward VII. lay in state, while a mourning nation wept around the bier. This spot is where the body of Gladstone lay in state. This spot is where Charles Stuart, King of England, stood before the Court which sat to erect a High Court of Justice for his trial, which was read and passed in Parliament January 4, 1648. The Court met on Saturday, 20th, Monday, 22nd, Tuesday, 23rd, and Saturday, 27th, 1648; and sentence of death was passed upon the king. The trial of the king was made by order of the Court of King's Bench; and Chancery sat in this hall; and this tablet marks the position of the bar, which separated the court from the hall. And still another tablet marks the place of the archway through which Charles I. passed on January 4, 1641, and attempted to arrest in the House of Commons five members of Parliament. And another says: "On the 30th January, 1648, His Majesty King Charles I. passed through the hall of this building to the scaffold erected in front of this spot."

Imagine such history, imagine such times of tragedy and turmoil and bloodshed; and you can form some idea of the sentiments which filled our breasts as we stood for the first time on these historical spots in this historical country.

Besides what I have mentioned there is the statuary of numberless royal and political personages—the statuary of a mighty past. In the intervening hall between Westminster Hall and the lobby there are statues bearing familiar names—Burke, Grattan, Fox, Hampden, Falkland, Pitt, and Russell; and at the inner door of the lobby stand, one on either side, Gladstone and Stafford

Northcote. In the midst of these surroundings—the magnificent building, with stained glass windows, the historical statuary, the law-makers hurrying into the House, constituents lobbying their members—one feels in the centre of big things. One feels that here, on this very spot, is the centre of the British Empire; here history has been made, here history is making, here history will be made. The British Constitution was at that moment in this very place under revision. The Parliament Bill was before the House, and the near future was pregnant with changes that will mean history.

While we were waiting our turn to be “called to the House of Commons,” the announcement ran down the line of police-officers, “The Speaker in the chair,” till it reached the outer door; and we knew the “House was open.” Soon we found ourselves in the Speaker’s Gallery, which seats about one hundred people. The chamber impresses one as dark and gloomy; the walls are heavily panelled in oak right to the ceiling. Light is shut out by the darkness of the coloured windows, and economy is evidently exercised as far as gas or electricity is concerned. The Government was in full force, and the Ministers all seemed to be in their places to answer the long list of questions on the business paper. The Parliament Bill was down for discussion, and as each Minister rose to answer his questions attention was rivetted on his answers, received sometimes with cheers by Government supporters, and sometimes by “Oh, oh!” and the laughter of the Opposition.

The speakers were undoubtedly English, the expression and accent in some being more pronounced than in others. The Premier, Mr. Asquith, had some questions to answer, and we were, of course, interested in him. He is an older man in appearance than we expected to find him. Some of the Ministers impressed me as being of very mediocre ability and address. There were ninety-eight questions upon the business paper, and the

insignificant purport of some of them would convince the most prejudiced that local self-government would be a good thing both for the House of Commons and for the people.

One of the questions was with regard to registration of letters in Scotland. Another was with regard to delay in forwarding applications for harbour grant at Findrochty and Cossiemouth, in Scotland. Another wanted to know how many people there were in Wales over seventy years of age. Another wanted to know how many Roman Catholic J.P.'s there were in county Cavan, Ireland. Another wanted to know something about the evicted tenants of Cavan, and also at Cappagh and Caherciveen. Still another as to the congrats on the seaboard of parishes Lachen and Kilcummin, Killala, county Mayo, which rights had been enjoyed from time immemorial from the bogs of Ballybeg, Carrowmachane, and Carrowmore. Another member wanted to know why the claim to an old-age pension made by Marie Sweeney, of Castlebar, county Mayo, had been disallowed by the Government; and as she could show a certificate that she had been married fifty years, he asked for a reconsideration of the case. The same questioner wanted to know something about James McGoinog, of Ballinamorrage, Islandeady, at Arderry Aughagover, county Mayo, evicted by the Marquis of Sligo; also as to Ellen O'Callaghan, of Drindoo Carra, county Mayo, who had to go to Scotland with her family after eviction. And so on *ad infinitum*.

One saw at a glance that the conservatism of old England had much to learn from the advanced methods of colonial administration. The system was good enough for their fathers and forefathers, therefore it must be good enough for them; and they go on in the same old ruts. The officers of the House looked like grand lodge officers in evening dress and gold chains of office going about in the execution of their duties.

All around the Parliament House a friend pointed out

places of interest. This is where Nell Gwynne lived and the Duke of Bedford lives. This is the house where Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, lived, 1728-92. This is the statue of Lord Napier, mounted on a charger. See those two windows which the horse is looking up at? That is the room where he lived; and the windows have never been washed since he died. This is No. 9, Carlton House, where Mr. Gladstone lived, and where Herbert Gladstone was born. There are the Admiralty buildings, and the head office of the British Army.

Now we are in the Mall. Those two houses are occupied by Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mrs. McKay. The next is the home of Earl Dudley, the Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth. The next is Mr. Balfour's residence. Then comes Marlborough House, where the widowed Queen Alexandra lives. Over yonder is Queen Anne Mansions, thirteen stories high—the highest in London (Vancouver can beat it). And there, at the end of the Mall, stands Buckingham Palace, the city home of the reigning monarch.

The most interesting of all the buildings hereabouts, of course, is Westminster Abbey; but there was no admittance until after the Coronation, so we contented ourselves with a visit to the cloisters. There seems to be a world of people buried hereabouts some hundreds of years ago. Some of the tablets are hard to decipher; age has told on them. One stone tells us that twenty-six persons are underneath who died of the plague in 1348. Another tells us that three of Wesley's brother's children are here. We were shown an old stone coffin, said to have contained the body of some old Roman celebrity A.D. 40.

The old Chapter House is of hexagonal shape, and was used as a House of Parliament. The benches are of stone, and raised one above the other around the walls. Strange to say, in this antiquated old building distinguished people still live. The Dean lives here. Another door has a brass plate which shows it to be the home of

Sir Frederick Bridge—not much music in it, one would think. The doors are low and arched, and the names are those of the clergy engaged.

The name of the choir-master struck me as being a very colonial one—Rev. W. B. Dam. There was a Smith in those old days who must have been a pretty good sort, for on his slab, which we walked over, we are told: “Thomas Smith died of small-pox. The virtues which in his short life were shown have equalled been by few, surpassed by none; died 1663.” Here in this old stone building pigeons come in and out and build their nests. One pigeon had built its nest right on the head of the statue of one of the saints. Right in the heart of this city the sparrows fly about the streets just as they do in a small country town in Canada or in Australia. Over from the Abbey is the house where Sir Robert Peel lived and died. He was the man who established the constabulary of that day; and the constables were called after him, “bobbies.” On the opposite side of the street at Whitehall sit always two mounted redcoats on black horses. No matter when you pass, you see these two guards standing like statues. They change guard every hour.

In Adelphi Terrace, close by, a tablet on the wall told us this is the house where David Garrick, actor, lived and died—in 1779. Near it lived Samuel Pepys, 1633, and Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, 1661, statesman. Other great painters and artists also lived in this street. Benjamin Franklin, printer, philosopher, and statesman, lived here and died, 1790. The tall obelisk just below, on the bank of the Thames, is Cleopatra’s Needle. This is what the inscription tells us of it: “This obelisk, for centuries on the sands of Alexandria, was presented to the British nation, A.D. 1819, by Mahomed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt. A worthy memorial of our distinguished countrymen, Nelson and Abercromby. Through the patriotic zeal of Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., the obelisk was brought from Alexandria encased in an iron cylinder.



An Egyptian Obelisk in Paris
(similar to Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment)

It was abandoned during a storm, recovered, and erected on this spot by John Dixon, C.E., in the forty-second year of the reign of Queen Victoria. This obelisk, quarried at Syene, was erected at On (Heliopolis) by the Pharaoh Thothma III. about 1500 B.C. Lateral inscriptions were added nearly two centuries later by Rameses the Great. Removed during the Greek dynasty to Alexandria, the royal city of Cleopatra, it was then erected in the eighteenth year of Augustus Cæsar, B.C. 12." This obelisk stands its age well, and it must have taken a pretty good engineer to encase it in a cylinder and ship it from Alexandria to the Thames, near Waterloo Bridge.

After a short walk from this point our friend pulled us up abruptly, and said: "Do you know what that little old tumbled-down shop on the corner is?" Over the door it is written, "The Old Curiosity Shop." It is Dickens's original, and we took a snapshot of it. We also bought souvenirs from the same old shop, and we went up into the little old, low-ceilinged room where "Little Nell" used to sit and look out of the window. It was an intensely interesting hour we spent there with Dickens, as we had spent others in days gone by with David Copperfield and Nicholas Nickleby and Little Dorrit. The old building is in a bad way. Very little is done to keep it in a state of repair, as it is more interesting to the public in its original state. Across the way, one hundred yards or so distant, a house of more pretensions than the Curiosity Shop is pointed out as having associations with "Bleak House." We turned the corner and passed down another street, and came to the old church with its stone steps on which "Jo" rested when the police urged him to move on, and he replied, "I'se moving on." This building is in a good state of repair, with a nice lawn in front. Then we passed Lincoln's Inn Fields. The date over the arch entrance gives A.D. 1518. On the wall, a few doors from this arch, an inscription tells us: "John Thurlow, secretary to



The Old Curiosity Shop

Oliver Cromwell, lived here, Chancery Lane, 1645-1659." Housed all around here are hundreds of barristers, old and young. They like to be housed in these old historical buildings.

We proceeded to the Old Bailey, where Justice, scales in hand, presides; and thence to the oldest church in England, St. Bartholomew's, one thousand years old. The names of the friars date back to 1123. The marble effigy of Rahares Primus, the founder of the church, is one of the interesting items. Here in this old church Oliver Cromwell stabled his horses, and used part of it for a smithy's forge. The wall and ceilings are still smoke-begrimed, and age and weather have played havoc with the ancient stone-work, for it was burnt and partly destroyed by Henry VIII., and then rebuilt and restored. Here, as in Westminster Abbey, we walked over the dust of scores of the ancient monks, who lived in the church dormitories high up in the stone walls. The inscriptions are worn and hard to decipher. Artists from everywhere come here to sketch the old Norman architecture, numbers being seated here and there about the church with their easels while we were there.

Across the street is the old hospital, established in 1062 by Rahere, and still in operation. It was partially destroyed and afterwards refounded in 1546 by Henry VIII. A tablet on the wall tells us that "Within a few feet of this spot John Rogers, John Bradford, and John Phillpot, and other servants of God, suffered death by fire in the faith of Christ, 1555. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. The noble army of martyrs praise Thee."

And right alongside these ancient and historical scenes is the busy and thronged Smithfield Meat Market of to-day, where meat from Australia, New Zealand, and from far and near is placed upon sale. Hundreds of butchers' carts and vans were loading beef and mutton for distribution around the city; and it was consequently a busy place.



St. Bartholemew's Church

Judging from the quantities of meat we saw, there must be very few vegetarians in London.

We passed along St. Paul's Alley, a narrow street only ten feet wide, to Paternoster Row, the street of book-sellers. Well do I remember as a youngster the printer's name on the label in our books, "Paternoster Row." We were now forced to realise that this great world-famed street or row was a narrow lane, with other narrower lanes



Pigeons at St. Paul's Cathedral

branching off from it, with little bookshops and insignificant proportions.

On Sunday morning we attended divine service at St. Paul's Cathedral, with its huge dome so well known to us through illustrations. The cathedral is of immense proportions, and the hundreds of worshippers there occupy but a small space in the building. People come in and

go out during the service just as they like. I suppose this is owing to the fact that the service commences at half-past ten and finishes at one o'clock, which is too long and too tedious even for the most devout worshippers. They gave us the full Morning Prayer, the Litany, the Communion Service, all fully choired, and a long sermon on missions as well; and I came to the conclusion that there was no congregational service there. There were no congregational responses, no hymns, and no congregational singing. On the whole, the service in this great national Church of England did not appeal to me as being the service or the worship from the people to the Great Creator of all things. So when the preacher said, "Now Easter is over good resolutions will weaken, for the devil is here," and he looked straight at me, I wondered if the devil had prompted me to be dissatisfied with divine worship in St. Paul's Cathedral. If so, he still prompts me to think that way.

Around the walls the statuary is fine. Some of the designs are most attractive. One of Britannia placing a laurel crown upon the head of John Bacon, junior, is a delightful execution. Here are the frayed and ragged flags or colours of the Crimean War, as well as those of the more recent South African War; and here are the tablets to the memory of England's brave. Truly St. Paul's is a great old building, of majestic proportions, of exquisite, masterly, and artistic design—a great national temple of the Church of England.

CHAPTER VIII.

Some Glimpses of London

IN London we met Mr. A. McC. Creery, with his wife and daughter, who were doing the grand tour and thoroughly enjoying themselves; also Mr. William Clubb, of Vancouver, and Alderman Jonathan Rogers and Mr H. B. Warren. Mr. J. Kendall, of Kendall, Sewell, and Co., of Vancouver, and Mr. Victor Dyer, the Vancouver comedian, were other friends who made our visit to the great Metropolis enjoyable.

If the supremacy of the British Empire is to be maintained, it will be by drawing closer the bonds of Empire. I have seen most of the offices of the various provinces and states of Canada, Australia, and South Africa. They are mostly situated in the city of Westminster, close to Parliament House and Westminster Abbey; but others are scattered all over the place. It has struck me that there is a necessity for concentration or federation of these representative offices. There should be a Canadian office, with branch offices in the same building for each province; and the same applies to Australia. At present each state or province "goes on its own," and there is no centralisation for the benefit of the Commonwealth or Dominion. Most of the offices are scattered along Victoria Street; some are in the Strand, and some at Charing Cross. The British Columbia office is isolated away down at Finsbury Square.

The office that attracts the most attention is that of Queensland, Australia. It is on the ground floor, close to our hotel in the Strand, and has a shop window with all

the products of the State displayed in the window. Hundreds go in and out there all day long for information, and it is the best advertising medium of all. I called to see Sir George Reid, the High Commissioner of Australia. He gave a very interesting lecture on Australia at the Hotel Metropole, under the auspices of the Colonial Institute. Earl Carrington presided. The audience, a very large one, was essentially Australian. There were many faces there I recognised—Mr. M'Gowan, the Premier of New South Wales, Sir John Downer, and Mr. Robert McMillan, better known as "Gossip," the editor of *The Stock and Station Journal* in Australia. Twenty years ago I knew Lord Carrington as one of the most popular governors in Australia, and it is pleasing to notice that he still takes a keen interest in all Australian matters. I remember an old Australian bullock-driver telling him once, much to his amusement (the driver was unaware that he was addressing the Governor): "The bally Governor is a bally nuisance; here I've kept my bally team standing about all day for the bally Governor to see."

Covent Garden markets are just behind our hotel, and a visit to them is most interesting. The space is limited, and they have to occupy the streets to a large extent for the sale of garden and orchard products. It is a busy place early in the morning, for here are drawn up the donkey carts with their loads of market-garden stuff, horses, carts, and vans of all descriptions. A large amount of stuff is sold early by private sale; and about nine o'clock the auction sales commence, when what is left is generally sold to the highest bidder. The auction room, a very large place with a glass dome, is the noisiest place one could wish to visit. There are a dozen rostrums, with a dozen auctioneers and their assistants calling out at the same time, and it is like bedlam let loose. The hammers of the auctioneers sound like the carpenters' hammers on a Vancouver building. It is very

hard for a stranger to understand what the auctioneers are saying ; but the buyers evidently do, for the operations are quick and furious. I wondered when Vancouver would realise the great possibilities of the market building at False Creek, where producer and consumer could meet without the intervention of the middleman, who takes so much profit out of every transaction. Time worketh all these changes ; and no doubt the market gardener will, as time goes on, make use of the great boon the city of Vancouver has provided at such a large expense.

The overflow from the market square extends for several blocks, and the streets are congested from three or four o'clock in the morning until the produce is sold. The teams of all kinds, with all manner of garden truck, flowers, etc., stand two abreast down the middle of the street ; and in some of these narrow streets it is then impossible for any other vehicle to pass. Right up to seven o'clock it is impossible for the big motor 'buses to make their way along the Strand in front of our hotel. I should judge that, if all the vehicles were lined up in single file, they would extend for twenty miles. The buyers are here at daylight in thousands ; it is here where all the flower sellers on the streets get their supplies, here where all the dealers lay in their day's stock, here where all the restaurants and hotels get their supplies at first cost from the producer. Some of the gardeners have to drive in during the night for fifteen and twenty miles, and in returning home next day the police have trouble in keeping the drivers awake. Once outside the city proper, they give the horse his head, and go off to sleep, sometimes impeding the progress of a tramway car.

Covent Garden market is a great old institution. It gives the people cheap, fresh vegetables daily, and provides employment for thousands and thousands of people, besides being the means of keeping the people in good health with a wholesome diet.

I visited "Tattersall's," the original Tattersall's Horse

Bazaar, from which so many "Tattersall's" have sprung in Canada and Australia. Some members of the Tattersall family are still interested in the business, which was established as far back as 1766, and is still going strong. The sale arena and the stables are as clean as a new pin, with cement floors and every convenience. On the occasion of my visit, there was a sale of about 100 polo ponies. Some gentlemen were going out of polo, and some could not afford it any longer. The bidding for this class of horse was quite brisk. "Tangarine, a chestnut pony, played by owner in matches of 1910, registered, fast and handy, easy to play, also a good hunter"—this is the sort of description given in the catalogue. Away goes the bidding, and she is knocked down for 155. "That's cheap," I thought; "she would bring that in Vancouver." But then I remembered the price was in guineas, not dollars, and would therefore be about \$813, which is not a bad price for a polo pony. Nearly all the horses are warranted. If there are any defects, they are mentioned in the catalogue: "Sound in wind, but has one weak eye," or "guaranteed quiet with troops; sound in wind and eyes; not lame; go to a ball; have been hunted." The auctioneers are nothing to crack about. I never heard the good points of a horse brought out once. I felt inclined to say, "Here, let me sell that horse," and I guess I could have shown "them English blokes" how a horse should be sold. I would like to plank Jack Inglis, the great Australian horse auctioneer, down among them for an hour. He would make them sit up and stare. But English ways are not Colonial ways, and the buying public have every confidence in the auctioneers of "Tattersall's."

The horse business has been very disastrously affected by the progress of mechanical traction. No fewer than 2,000 cab horses had disappeared off the streets of London during the past year. The 'buses were nearly all motor 'buses, and the cabs also petrol-driven. Here and

there we saw an occasional hansom cab stand, which I always patronised out of my deep respect for old "King Horse"; but undoubtedly the taxicab is the quickest, cleanest, and most up-to-date. I read an account of a poor cabby whose lot is only one of hundreds. He gave eighty-five guineas for his hansom twelve years ago, and earned his living with it for many years, but he fell behind through the competition of the taxicab, and had to sell his cab at auction to pay his way. It only realised thirty shillings at the auction sale. No one wants hansom; there is no sale for them; and the cabby is no good as chauffeur, who has to pass the examination of a mechanical inspector and be licensed.

So poor cabby is doomed in London, and a new era of transportation has begun. The porter of the hotel blows his whistle; the chauffeur responds, jumps off his cab on the stand, turns the handle in the front of the taxi several times, quickly takes hold of his steering wheel, and your taxicab is at your door in half-a-brace of shakes. The charges are very reasonable for a family, and it affords a simple way of finding one's way about the city. The taxicab will deliver you just where you want to go, without any further anxiety or risks of getting "bushed."

I took a run out on the top of a horse 'bus to see the city. Going along Regent Street, we came to its intersection with Oxford Street, where there appeared to be something wrong, for the traffic was stopped on all streets, and several policemen were to be seen in the centre of the cross section. "What's up here; somebody killed?" I asked the 'bus driver. He laughed, and said: "Nothing's up, only we have to wait our turn to cross over."

There are no cars to be seen in the central part of London, and those that are running further out and along the embankment are double-deckers. The top deck makes a splendid observation car. There are no trolleys overhead, as the electric current is connected with underground. The tube or underground railway is much the

same as in New York, with the difference that here the passengers are lowered, fifty or sixty at a time, in huge elevators into the bowels of the earth. Some distances are greater than others. In some you would think you were never going to stop going down, and then you find a fully equipped railway station and platforms and a busy life away under the great city. When they get away from the busy part of the city, the trains emerge from the tube and run in the open as suburban trains. There is not the same hustle and bustle and crowding on the cars here as we saw in New York. The most crowded streets are where the auto-'buses operate, such as the Strand, where the street is narrow and pedestrian traffic is heavy, in addition to taxicabs and private vehicles. All the principal theatres are around here, and, consequently, in the evening about eight o'clock the traffic is very congested.

I went down Mark Lane to find the basis of the world's wheat market; but I guess the bottom is knocked out of it, because I couldn't find any wheat or other growing crops. In fact, one wouldn't know he was in Mark Lane except for the street-signs. You go underground from Charing Cross to Mark Lane railway-station; also to Baker Street railway-station. I forgot the number of Sherlock Holmes's house in Baker Street, or I might have taken a snapshot of it. Names of places have a great fascination for me; some are ridiculous, some artistic, some euphonious. But the following are historical, and really arrest your attention, making you remark: "Is this really the place we have heard and read so often about?"—Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly, Oxford Circus, Mark Lane, Covent Garden, Charing Cross, Blackfriars, Pall Mall, Paternoster Row, Rotten Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Strand, Downing Street, Baker Street, Tower of London, London Bridge. We had been transplanted from the new world to the old world—from the new, with its youth and vigour and freshness and



The Mall

its future of great promise, to the old, with its history and its happy-go-lucky, matter-of-fact, steady life, and its past of tragedy and evolution. The old and the new are bound inseparably by the tie of kinship, and the futures of the two are linked together by Imperial bonds. The fusion of the true conservatism of old England and the radicalism and hustling progress of her young dominions will build up in the future a nation stronger than ever under the Union Jack.

CHAPTER IX.

The Royal Agricultural Show

THE Royal Agricultural Show, which was held at Norwich in the year of my visit, was the best exhibition of live stock and agricultural machinery I had ever seen. I have attended, both in Australia and in Canada, cattle shows which were considered hard to excel; but one has to come to England to see perfection, both in quantity and quality. The milking shorthorn of England is a worthy animal when met upon the show-ground. The Devon is seen to perfection. The black and red-polled are animals of model type. It remained for the Norwich show to exhibit to me breeds of both cattle and sheep I had never seen before, and some of which I had not even heard of. Here we saw the white-polled for the first time; here we saw the Scotch Highland cattle, with their long, shaggy coats.

The King was successful in carrying off many prizes with animals bred by the late King Edward, who through all his life took a great interest in agricultural matters, and bred some very fine animals. The sheep-pens covered many acres of land, and the animals were splendid specimens of the English types. There were forty stables of cattle, each stable about the size of our Vancouver exhibition stables. The horse class was proportionately as large, the shire and Suffolks being admirable types. Here I saw the finest four-in-hand team—a proud, well-matched team of blacks.

The machinery exhibits covered acres and acres of ground. The “Royal” is a movable show; consequently

the whole exhibition was held under canvas. The attendance was not so large as it might have been, in or close to a centre of population like London. Norwich is over one hundred and thirty miles away; consequently only those really interested make it their business to go. Therefore, sometimes it pays its way and sometimes it does not.

The object of an exhibition like the "Royal" is educational. If the best results are to be obtained, it must be placed within the reach of the masses, and especially the school-children.

Canada and Australia were represented on the ground. Mr. Ward, of the C. P. R. office, had a stand, and did good missionary work in the way of securing immigrants for Canada. The King was president—the first time the reigning monarch had been president since Queen Victoria held the office, some twenty years ago. King Edward, when Prince of Wales, had previously held this office.

What I learned at the "Royal" was that the Vancouver Exhibition has a fine field for encouraging the breeding of the finest animals. What the "Royal" has to learn from the Vancouver Exhibition would be presumption on my part to say here; but the fact remains that the old country has much to learn from the new. I was surprised to notice that the membership of this great institution numbers much about the same as that of the Vancouver Exhibition. At the same time very liberal support is given by the landed nobility to the shows. The head office is in London, where reading and writing-rooms are maintained for the use of members when they come to the city, and where a library of agricultural works and literature from all parts of the world is kept. This is the general meeting-place of those interested, and serves to keep the members in touch one with the other. Very little attention is paid to side-shows or light attractions; in fact, they are tabooed, the object of the institution being educational, not recreative or amusing.

Sandringham, the country residence of Queen Alexandra, is close by Norwich. Her Majesty was expected to visit the show the day we were there, but had not arrived at the time of our leaving. This was an interesting and beloved royal personage whom we missed seeing. The King visited the show on the following day, and it was a gala day for Norwich. We complain at Vancouver of the neglect of the transportation companies in coping with the passenger traffic at show time; but we are well looked after compared with the facilities provided for conveying the large numbers who wished to visit the Norwich Show. Perhaps this knowledge has something to do with the comparatively small attendance at the royal shows; people stay at home and avoid the crush.

One feature of the show was an old English stock-owner, ninety-four years of age, mounted on an English cob, enjoying the exhibition as much as the veriest youth. The world is small now. Here at Norwich I met an old friend, Mr. Robertson, of Lake Cowal, a sheep station away out in Australia. He was "doing" the Coronation and the shows. He was interested in the sheep show; and we compared notes, sometimes to the advantage of England, sometimes to the advantage of Australia, which is essentially the home of the merino—a class practically unknown in England.

A friend of mine invited me to attend the National Convention of Women Suffrage Societies, at the Portman Hall, Baker Street; and I was much interested in this great meeting of women. The huge hall was packed to its utmost capacity. Mrs. Henry Fawcett, LL.D., the president, presided, and made a most capable and effective chairman. Lady Frances Balfour was on the platform, but did not speak.

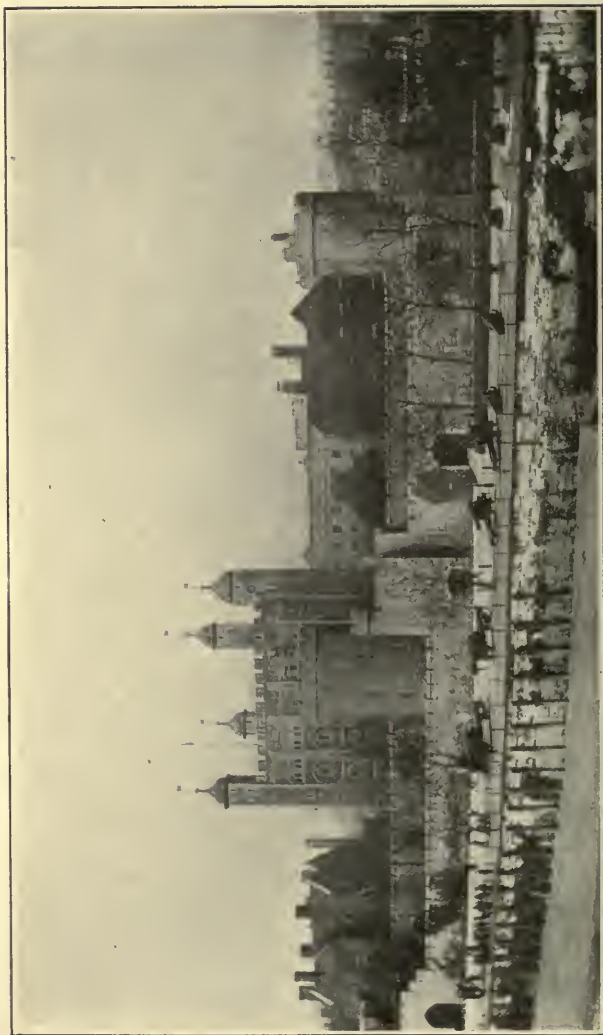
I was asked to speak at one of their meetings, and agreed to do so with pleasure. I could tell them that any woman in Australia is man's equal at the ballot-box,

and that politics and politicians have been purified by the process; also that Canadian women have still that equality to gain. In Great Britain they give their women the privilege of drinking when and how they like, but deny them the sacred right of the franchise. The better-class woman goes to a restaurant with her companions, and cracks a bottle of gold-top; while the working woman can be seen on Sunday, as well as on week-days, taking her beer at the public-house or tavern bar the same as the men. This is one of the most degrading sights I have seen in England. The enfranchisement of women will immediately work a reform in the liquor traffic.

The Tower of London is the most engrossingly interesting of all the historic spots we visited. One expects to find a gigantic tower of great proportions, and is disillusioned as soon as he approaches. It is a fortress, a palace, and a prison. Instead of being confined to a single tower, it covers an area of eighteen acres on the banks of the Thames.

There is the Bloody Tower, dating from the reign of Edward III., popularly believed to be the scene of the murder of Edward V. and his brother the Duke of York, as well as of Henry VI. In the armoury we saw one of the old blocks and the axe, said to be the last one used. The Beauchamp Tower is one that brings to mind the horror and tragedy of those bloody times. It was used as a prison; and some interesting inscriptions were found upon these circular walls. It is three storeys high, with narrow stone steps and narrow passages. The whole makes a grand and rich historical display, which holds the visitor interested, and turns his thoughts to ancient times.

The Tower of London now belongs to the people, and is open to the public free of cost on certain days in the week. We had to pay a shilling each, and were deprived of our camera at the entrance, much to our chagrin. Although we were not permitted to take our own pictures, we could buy all the views we desired from a stall in one



Tower of London

of the towers. This is a piece of autocratic monopoly against which we registered a Canadian "kick."

One Sunday morning we went to church in the Royal Chapel of Savoy, which stands, a relic of bygone days, with its little graveyard in front, right in the vicinity of the Strand, close to the Thames Embankment, and near the old York water gate, the approach from the Thames to the old York House, Charing Cross. The Royal Chapel is a unique little church, about the size of our little church at Grandview. But what a history! It was the chapel of a long line of kings and queens of the House of Savoy, with whose royal coats-of-arms it is decorated. The hymns are specially printed for this particular chapel, and composed by distinguished authors. The first one runs:—

For six long centuries the fane hath stood.
Gone is the palace,—blotted from the page
Of life by thrice three thousand river-tides :
And yet the house of prayer unaltered stands,
To testify through every changing age
To One That changeth not, but still abides
'Midst busy men, in temples made with hands.

The rich stained glass window in the east was erected by the late Queen Victoria to the memory of her husband, the late Prince Consort. Here she loved to come with her family to worship.

In open spaces, parks, and greens London sets an example for the builders of new cities. Wherever you go you are hardly out of sight of a park, a square, or a green—lungs of a city, lungs for the people, breathing-spaces, exquisite, grandly conceived, generous, good!—not hundreds of acres, but thousands of acres. In Hyde Park we could fancy ourselves away in the country. There was the thick green sward, and—what do you think?—a flock of long-wooled sheep grazing right there in London! Flower-beds and ornamental shrubs and trees, beautiful walks and drives, adorn the people's inheritance,



Rural Scene in Hyde Park

the property of the people. A great and valuable possession.

All around the city, in the suburbs, the same prodigality in green spaces was noticeable. Dulwich Park is an immense territory, with Dulwich College and Church, and almshouses for the poor. Here is evidence of foresight, forethought, and generosity.

At the opposite side of the city we passed through Joe Martin's constituency to reach Hampstead Heath; and here was a surprising sight. Thousands of acres of open park lands, with ponds and golf links and playgrounds of all kinds; thousands of people—nurses with children, boys and young men at their games, the older ones at their golf; men sleeping under God's sun on the green sward enjoying a sun bath. What is the best thing about London? I answer, without hesitation and with unbounded enthusiasm, The glorious park lands and open spaces everywhere to be seen. They are the best possessions the people have—a glorious heritage not to be despised. Not only are there large areas of park lands, commons, greens, and squares, but right up against the city are good-sized areas of privately-owned lands and farms. In the glory of the early spring, as we saw them, they were a sight good to look upon—the green meadows, the growing crops, the buttercups and daisies, the narrow roads with the hedges on either side. Here is a place indeed for the man who has made his competency to retire and enjoy life in rural surroundings, with all the benefits and pleasures and enjoyments that adjacent city life can give.

I drove out one beautiful spring morning with a business friend to a farm, through Streatham, Croydon, and Purley. I was so engrossed in my surroundings that the drive seemed to take only a few minutes. I asked the farmer, a typical English horsey man, how far we were from London. "Seventeen miles from London Bridge, sir." "How much land have you here?" I



Pageant of Empire

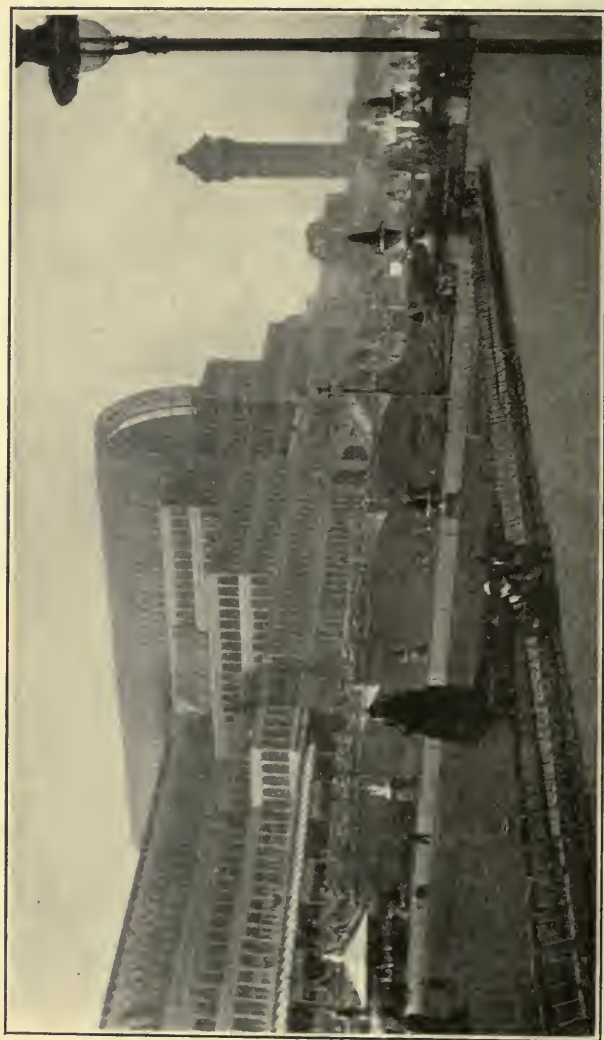
asked. "Five hundred acres, sir." "What are these meadows worth?" "I wouldn't take a copper less than £100 per acre." (That is \$500. The Vancouver real estate man would want \$1,000 or \$1,500 anyway.) "What rent does land like this bring?" "£1 per acre (\$5 per acre) per annum."

The good old English farmer took us in, gave us some real good old "Scotch," and then put a "nag" in the buggy and drove us around the farm, through the meadows, and around the growing crops. The farmer told us he was going out of farming as it didn't pay, because wages were too high. Men he used to get for one shilling and eightpence a day (40 cents) he now has to pay three shillings a day (72 cents). "Oh, it's ruinous," he said. No wonder, I thought, that British Columbia is attracting labourers, where they can earn their \$2.50 per day (ten shillings). Nevertheless, it is remarkable how many working men would rather starve in England than hit out and carve out a prosperous future in a new land, and help to develop the latent resources of the overseas dominions.

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The great Festival of Empire was inaugurated at the Crystal Palace by the King and Queen, whose triumphant royal procession to the grounds was marked by demonstrations of loyalty along the line of route from Buckingham Palace. We were invited guests and honorary members of the Dominions' Club, situated in the grounds. Many colonials took part, among them being Mr. H. B. Warren, of Vancouver, who represented Sir Joseph Banks on his arrival in Australia one hundred years ago. I was also invited to take part, and it occurred to me that if I could have borrowed some feathers and some bearskins I might have caused some consternation by going as Chief Joe Capilano in company with Bloody Mary or Lady Jane Grey.

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Crystal Palace

After the parade, the royal party, consisting of the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, and the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, paid a visit to our Club, and were received on the green. We were within easy distance to get a nice snapshot of the royal group for our collection, and our camera was brought into line for action. Alas! the English autocratic authority intervened, and an officious "bobby" called: "Put down that camera." We obeyed the majesty of the law, and lost our snapshot, while all over the grounds hundreds of English cameras were chasing the royal group everywhere. We could buy their pictures, but we were not allowed to photograph royalty ourselves. These little incidents annoy the colonial. I possess snapshots taken of King George when in Australia as the Duke of York, and we dearly wished to have one of this royal group for our extensive collection.

There were about 3,000 people present from the overseas dominions; and the Queen asked the King to say something to us. Standing on the green before us, with a pleasant smile, his wife and children beside him making a very pretty and picturesque group, he said: "The Queen and I are very pleased to meet so many of you here, and I hope you will have a very enjoyable time in the Mother Country."

The next event that engrossed our attention was the arrival of the Emperor of Germany. At the invitation of Mr. Philip Conway, barrister at Rochester Row, brother of Mr. Arthur Nicol Conway, of Vancouver, I accompanied him to Victoria railway station and witnessed the reception of the distinguished visitors by the King and Queen. The Emperor is a fine-looking man, with a pleasing face—a kindly face, not as hard and cold-looking as depicted in the papers. He received a great ovation from the people of London, who thronged the route from the station, and lustily cheered the royal cousins as they drove through the streets. The Queen and Empress

followed in another carriage, and were just as warmly received.

A notable fact in connection with these royal receptions is the manner in which the people turn out in thousands to cheer royalty, and the orderly manner in which they line the streets. There are a few policemen here and there, but the people themselves seem to line up without the aid or interference of police, and there is no unseemly pushing or crowding.

The Emperor came to take part in the unveiling of the new statue of the late Queen Victoria, to whom he was very much attached.

CHAPTER X.

Homes of Royalty

WINDSOR CASTLE.

A SHORT run of twenty-one miles by train took us to this grand old castle, the home of England's kings and queens, the birthplace of princes and princesses. When we caught sight of the majestic pile on the little eminence on the banks of the Thames, the younger members of our party exclaimed with rapture: "There's Windsor Castle; I saw it first!" The picture is so familiar to every child in the Empire that there is no mistaking it. It stands in the centre of rich agricultural and pastoral country; extensive park-lands lie all around. In the full blush of spring, as we saw it, the country is at its best. There were great chestnut-trees in full white bloom, and may-trees, both red and white, growing in wild profusion. Windsor is the home of the may, and there also were lilacs, laburnum, and wistaria in full blossom.

In Australia they have a Windsor and a Richmond; and I can well imagine, when the names were given to that early settlement at the Antipodes, that the pioneers—old Englishmen—were impressed with the remarkable similarity of country.

We were met by Mr. Walter Dodds, brother of M. J. Dodds, of the Bank of B. N. A., Vancouver, who has lived here for sixteen years. Through his kind offices and hospitality we spent the best day of our lives, reading from the open book of English history.

William the Conqueror took a fancy to the beautiful spot, built a castle upon the little hill, and made it his chief stronghold. Edward III. was born here, and



Windsor Castle

took a great interest in his birthplace. He rebuilt the castle, employing the celebrated architect of that age, William de Wykeham, at a weekly salary of seven shillings, with three shillings per week for his clerk. (What a pity the Vancouver Board of Works could not drop across a man like this in their search for a city engineer !) Great avenues of elms and beeches, many of them four feet through at the stump, stand as evidence of the antiquity of the place. The part of the castle open to the public may be called one huge picture-gallery, for here are gathered the works of the greatest painters during many centuries.

The Albert Memorial Chapel was embellished and fitted in great magnificence by Queen Victoria in memory of the Prince Consort. It is said to be the most splendidly-furnished in all the world. It was formerly called the Wolsey Chapel. In the centre of the chapel is an immense sarcophagus of the late Duke of Clarence. The figure is dressed in the uniform of the 10th Hussars, and at his feet there is the figure of a little angel holding a broken wedding-wreath, in allusion to his proposed marriage with the present Queen.

This is one of the little courtesies that endeared Queen Victoria to other nations. On a brass plate in St. George's Chapel is the following: "Near this spot lies buried Alamayu, the son of Theodore, King of Abyssinia. Born April 23, 1861; died November 14, 1879. This tablet was placed here to his memory by Queen Victoria. 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.'"

There is also another statue erected by her to the memory of the King of the Belgians. Most pathetic of all is the one to the French Prince Imperial, who gave his life in the Zulu War for Queen Victoria and the British Empire.

In the choir of St. George's Chapel are the individual brass plates of every Knight of the Garter, and it is here that every Knight of the Order is installed. The banners of the knights, and their arms, with the richness of the

carvings, present an unrivalled combination of sublimity and grandeur.

Up to the time of King Edward's reign this vast edifice was lighted only by candles and oil lamps. It must have been a dismal place for any one to live. King Edward VII. had electric light installed, and other modern facilities as well.



Round Tower, Windsor

HAMPTON COURT.

Situated on the Thames, nearer to London than Windsor Castle, is a place of no less interest. Surrounded by hundreds of acres of beautiful park lands, with great avenues, and forests of ornamental trees and shrubs, hundreds of years old, its beauty and grandeur are sublime. We went out by motor 'bus on what is known as Chestnut Sunday, when there must have been 100,000



Hampton Court

people scattered through the parks and grounds. In Bushey Park there is an avenue of chestnut trees, centuries old, a mile in length. This avenue leads right to the castle of ancient kingly associations. Cardinal Wolsey lived here, and had most to do with the beautifying of the palace and grounds. Here, as at Windsor Castle, the whole of the chambers constitute one great picture gallery, only on a more extensive scale.

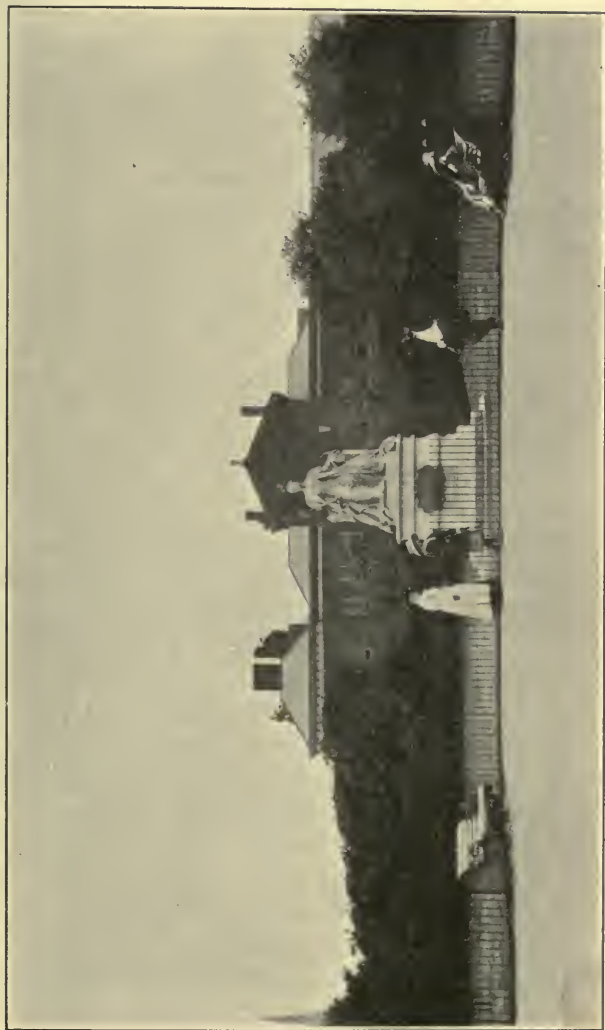
Statuary of all kinds adorns the gardens and parks; every conceivable kind of flower and shrub is to be found. The rich wistaria finds here a congenial home. One great vine climbing the walls is fully eighteen inches through at the butt, and one branch alone is a foot through, signifying the great age of the tree. The great grape vine is the largest in the world. It is grown under glass, having a glass house all to itself. It was planted in 1768, and is a Black Hamburgh. The stem close to the ground is sixteen inches in diameter—a small tree. The largest branch is 114 feet long. In one season a ton of grapes has been gathered from it; the average, taking one year with the other, is about half a ton.

There are no fewer than 1,000 rooms in the palace. Many of the additions were designed by Sir Christopher Wren, whose work in architecture can be seen everywhere throughout London. It was he who rebuilt St. Paul's, and we are told that he was paid two hundred pounds per year as salary for the work.

The park through which the chestnut avenue of William III. runs contains over 1,000 acres. The deer are very quiet; they came and took bread and cakes out of our hands. The deposed King Manoel of Portugal drove through the grounds the day we were there, and was cheered by the crowd wherever recognised.

KENSINGTON PALACE

is a palace dear to the hearts of the English people, for it was here their beloved Queen Victoria was born; here



Kensington Palace

she was awakened by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham to be told she was Queen of England; here she first met the Prince Consort; and here she came a short time before her death, and was carried up the great staircase, and wheeled through all the rooms, to take a last fond look at them. Because the place was loved by Victoria, the people love it.

It is situated in Kensington Gardens adjoining Hyde Park, right in the heart of London, and the unoccupied portions of the castle are open to the public. The Duchess of Argyll lives in one wing, and Prince Henry of Battenberg in another. The other chambers are stored with traditions, and are now used as show places, the walls being occupied with many historic and valuable paintings.

The palace was built by William and Mary. Queen Anne lived there, and was much attached to it. George II. and Queen Caroline also lived there. The park grounds cover an area of 150 acres—not a bad little domain, in this big city. As we passed along from one chamber to another, we were carried back into history. In this room Queen Mary died of small-pox in December, 1694. She was so stunned when she learned of her malady that she locked herself in this room, burnt all her documents, and died a few days later. Here in this room King William III. died after his accident at Hampton Court. After he was dead it was found he had next his skin a small bit of silk ribbon, to which were secured a gold ring and a lock of Mary's hair. Here Queen Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark, died of gout and asthma. Here Queen Anne died, in 1714, of apoplexy. Roger Coke writes: "Her life would have lasted longer if she had not eaten so much." Here also King George II. and Caroline both died—the latter in 1737, and the king in 1760. He fell in this room against a bureau, cut his head open, and died almost immediately.

George II. was the last monarch to live in Kensington

Palace, and the place was neglected up to the time that the Duke and Duchess of Kent came to live in it, after their marriage. Here it was that their daughter, Queen Victoria, first saw the light—she who afterwards became ruler of such a mighty empire. The royal associations do not end here, for in the room called the nursery the present Queen Mary was born in 1867.

It has been seriously proposed to pull the old place down, but, owing to Queen Victoria's attachment to it, the act of vandalism has never been executed. In one of the drawing rooms is Queen Victoria's old piano, on which she played; and, of course, the young members of our party had to play a tune on such a noteworthy instrument. In a glass case in another room are Queen Victoria's old toys; also in another case her Coronation robes, the robes she wore at her first council, her wedding bonnet and wreaths, her first pair of baby shoes, and the uniform and cocked hat which she wore when reviewing the troops after their return from the Crimean War.

The King's Gallery, which was the favourite room of William III., is an immense place, ninety-six feet long, decorated with rich carvings and paintings. The heavy oak panellings have been removed, and the walls are now papered. Here the King spent most of his time. He had a dial fixed over the mantel, which still remains, to indicate which way the wind was blowing. Here Peter the Great came to see him in 1698, and the dial over the mantel was the only thing in the whole palace that tickled his fancy. Being bashful, he watched through a chink in the door a dance given by the King in celebration of a birthday.

Because of its associations with the birth and early life of Victoria, this palace will always stand first in the estimation of the English people. Though not equalling Hampton Court or Windsor Castle in majestic architecture or in magnitude, its associations will ever affectionately inspire memories of the good Queen, who as a

child, girl, queen, mother of kings, acted her part so well in every way that the nation reveres her name. The Victorian era is called the era of peace, of national love and concord, and her descendants do honour to her illustrious name.

Additional lustre is lent to the old palace by the fact of its also being the birthplace and home of "Good Queen Mary," our present beloved reigning monarch, who is destined to take a similar place in the hearts of her people to that enjoyed by the beloved Victoria. Her high ideals, her desire to do good, her knowledge of her people overseas as well as in England, her Christian character, her pure English nationality, all tend to make her beloved of her people, and esteemed as a worthy consort of a worthy King.

CHAPTER XI.

The Knights Templar

I WAS exceedingly interested in my several visits to the old haunts of the early Knights Templar, to which latter-day body I happen to belong. Here, close to the Strand, adjoining Fleet Street, is their old property, "The Temple," which was established about the middle of the twelfth century. The records show that about the year 1180 the Templars acquired a large meadow sloping down to the River Thames, on the south side of Fleet Street, where they built themselves a lordly dwelling and a splendid church, part of which stands to-day. Lower down, where the Embankment is now situated, was their recreation and tilting-ground.

Edward II. confiscated their possessions, and gave what is now known as the Outer Temple to the Bishop of Exeter. The other part, which is known as the Inner Temple, was given to the Earl of Lancaster, and afterwards came into the hands of the Earl of Pembroke. The claim of the Knights Hospitallers afterwards being established, the King gave them the grant of the whole property. An effigy of the Earl of Pembroke lies upon the floor of the old church, together with statues of other Knights Templar, Crusaders, and Knights Hospitallers. As the years went on, the property passed into the hands of societies of lawyers, who own and occupy it to-day. The deed of grant was given to them by James I. in 1608, the document now existing in a chest under the Communion-table.

That part of the church erected by the Knights



The Old Knights Templar Church

Templar is of circular construction, with stone seats elevated above the others all round the walls. The floor is tiled, the tiles bearing the Knights Templar emblem of the Lamb and the Cross and the Winged Horse—the lamb emblematical of innocence, and the winged horse of expedition in the cause of charity and good deeds. In fact, all the buildings in and around the Temple bear the device to-day. The carvings are very extensive and grand. Divine service is held here every Sunday morning for the members of the Temple Law Societies. The public are only admitted by a special permit obtained from a judge of the court. The choir is said to be the best in London.

The entrance to the church from Fleet Street is by way of an old archway, which one has difficulty in finding. Leaving the hustle and bustle of a busy London thoroughfare, and passing through this old gate down a narrow passage-way, one finds himself at once in the company of those of a remote past. It is quiet here, within a few hundred feet of real life. Around the old church lie the bodies of departed knights; stone slabs crumbling into decay mark the resting-places of some of them. The old Temple stands as a monument of that ancient brotherhood which started out in the defence of the Christian faith. It afterwards became very wealthy, and able, in fact, to act as bankers, for with its aid King John stored his Treasury. An historical writer tells us that King Edward I. became a royal burglar, and robbed the Treasury of £1,000.

All around the church are fond traditions. Here in a house close by lived Oliver Goldsmith, the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Here his mortal remains lie under a stone bearing his name: "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith; born Nov. 15, 1728; died 4th April, 1774." Here also Dr. Johnson lived, and Blackstone and Chaucer. Here in the Temple Hall Shakespeare produced *Twelfth Night* before the Queen. Here alongside the gate is Child's

Bank, where King Charles banked, as did also Nell Gwynne.

The liquor traffic is not regulated in England in such a way as would meet with the approval of the License Commissioners of Vancouver. There are some very nice houses and comfortable hotels, but many of the public-houses and taverns would not secure licenses in the City



Oliver Goldsmith's Tomb

of the West. The number is legion; many of the buildings are small, old, and neglected-looking. On Sunday afternoons and evenings a roaring business is done. Crowds of men and women can be seen going in and out, and lounging about the bars and public-houses. The spectacle of women, some of them with children in arms, patronising the bars is one that is anything but elevating. In this respect the old Mother

Country can take a leaf out of a daughter's book. The city and suburbs are well catered for in respect to hotels and taverns. Get on top of a 'bus and run around on a Sunday evening, and you will find plenty of evidence of a prosperous liquor trade. Wages are low, but beer is cheap.

England has its Hotel Cecil, Savoy, Metropole, Royal, Waldorf, and other familiar hotel names; but the names that amuse the man from the Dominions are The Buck's Head, The Gipsy Queen, The Cock Sparrow, The Horse and Cart, The Black Horse, The Red Lion, The Cross Keys, The Black Swan, The Crown and Woolpack, The Horse and Magpie, The Pig and Whistle, The Fox and Hounds, The Plough and Harrow, The Coach and Horses, and hundreds of similar appellations. If Vancouver in the future should increase the number of hotels, perhaps we shall see The Bear and Beavers, or The Dog Salmon, The Sock-eye, or The Alder Bottom. In the licensing laws and administration it strikes me that England has much to learn from her young Dominions across the seas.

The Bank of England is a funny-looking old one-storey shack. There are no windows in the walls. It covers about four acres of ground, and I dare say would make an excellent cow barn. No doubt it was a good building at the time it was erected, in 1737. The vaults, however, which are guarded day and night by a small army of soldiers, contain millions of sovereigns. Here the Government financial business is transacted. Here the Bank of England notes are printed—the Bank of England being the only one in London which has the power of issuing paper money. Notes paid in five years amounted to 1,750 millions sterling, and weighed ninety tons. No wonder, when a man's cheque is said to be as good as the Bank of England, there is no doubt about it.

Just across the street are two names more familiar—the Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Royal Bank of

Canada, of which the Vancouver manager, Mr. F. Walker, was on a visit to London. Right opposite the Bank of England is the Mansion House (erected 1739), familiar to everyone as the headquarters of the Lord Mayor of London; also the Royal Exchange.

No wonder, then, that this is the centre point for 'buses and trains. Close by here are old familiar names—London Bridge, Throgmorton Street, Old Jewry, Threadneedle Street, Bishopsgate, and Lombard Street (the street of banks). "Bank" is the starting point, the gravitating point, the locating point for all London. I did not take long to get to know London fairly well—in fact, I soon ventured to point out the way to strangers. "Oh, you want to get to Oxford Circus, do you? Then go down here, past Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, pop down the stairs there just at the corner, put a penny in the slot—that gives you a ticket for Oxford Circus—and take the Tube; come up out of the burrow, and there you are." "Thanks very much." Another man wanted to get to the Crystal Palace, another to Shepherd's Bush, and a dozen other places; and I set them on the way. Whether they got there I don't know.

The Dog Cemetery was "a new one on me." Just inside Kensington Gates there is a little graveyard with hundreds of little tombstones—some stone, some marble, with leaden letterings. Here dogdom is buried; here sorrowing friends of dogs and cats come to weep and mourn. The little place is well kept, with its little walks and paths. Bones, Nibs, Tim, Peter, Don, Jack, Schneider, Smut, Mona, Topsy, and Billy Bumps, the cat, sleep their last sleep. "Darling Vic" also rests here; "Punch, loved, mourned, and missed. Adieu, dear dog." "This stone is erected to my sweet little Jack, my loving companion." The text at the foot reads: "It is folly that I hope it may be so." Another: "My one and only love." Another: "Faithful friend, loving and loved." One dog's "Sweet long life ended March 1." Two dogs



The Doç Cemetery

lie together: the Scriptural quotation on the stone says: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided." That is a reference to David and Jonathan. "The most intelligent, faithful, gentle, sweet-tempered, affectionate dog that ever lived; adored by his sorrowing friend." Another puts forth a theological proposition thus: "Shall He, whose name is Love, deny our doggy friends a home above?" The next line answers it: "Nay, He who orders all things for the best, in Paradise will surely give them rest." So there is hope for a good dog. Comfort and consolation for dog mourners may be found in the following inscription, carved in marble: "There are men both good and wise who hold that in some future state dumb creatures we have cherished here below shall give us joyous greeting when we pass the golden gate." What a terrible uproar there will be at the golden gate when I arrive—because I have owned a few hundred dogs in my lifetime. There will be a deafening yelping and bow-wow!

Pathetic are the following lines, with which I will close this true dog story: "Thy memory lasts, and thou shalt live as long as we; and after that thou dost not care; in us was all the world to thee." Few people in London know of the existence of such an interesting institution; and, in case my Vancouver friends should doubt my veracity, I have secured snapshots to prove my case. This graveyard is now full; and dead dogs have to be carried further afield to Hampstead, where a beautiful cemetery is fast filling with beautiful tombstones.

Getting away from dog monuments, we passed across Kensington Gardens to the other side, where the elaborate Albert Memorial stands, opposite the Albert Hall. The new Victoria Memorial, opposite Buckingham Palace, is the finest bit of sculptor's art in London; but this Albert Memorial, erected to the memory of Queen Victoria's husband, must certainly come next. All the sciences are represented in marble. The Albert Hall

is a circular building, with elaborate adornment on the exterior, but no claim to be artistic. Inside the circular building is a theatre of unsurpassable acoustic properties and convenient proportions; there are several circular tiers of galleries. The hall seats 8,000 people, and possesses, it is said, the finest organ in the world. It is here that the Freemasons meet on special occasions, for this is the only place where their large numbers can con-



Buckingham Palace and Queen Victoria Memorial

veniently congregate. For charitable purposes one guinea per seat is charged; and the sum of £8,000 has been raised in this way—\$40,000 for one meeting! This was at a meeting presided over by the late King Edward at the time of the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

The trooping of the colours in St. James's Park on Empire Day was a very spectacular affair. We swelled the thousands who lined the way from Buckingham

Palace, and we saw our King ride past, attended by the royal household, all mounted on horseback, gaily caparisoned, the most notable men being Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. The Queen, with her son and daughter, followed in an open carriage, receiving the homage and cheers of her subjects. Then followed other



Albert Memorial

open carriages, with the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Argyll, and a dozen others, making a grand procession of royalty. In the afternoon we saw 10,000 children salute the flag in Hyde Park. Lord Roberts took the salute.

Here we saw where the soldiers of the future are drawn

from. We saw boy scouts, the cadets, the various colleges and schools—all trained to march and shoot, and, above all, trained in loyalty to the flag and love of country. As each company of 1,000 marched past at the salute, they were cheered by tens of thousands of the citizens. The Lord Mayor arrived in the Lord Mayor's coach of gold, with four spanking horses and gold-braided footmen, making a gay display. He was dressed in his official robes, and received the warm applause of his citizens.

Day after day events crowded themselves upon us. We got invitations to this function and that function, to a reception or a garden party, or an outing to Oxford or Cambridge, to the Channel Islands or to Ireland; and among them all was a request to attend a woman suffrage meeting every night, for "Votes for Women" was the burning question with a very large number of the population.

The law-makers in England, who have been seriously harassed by this question at a critical time in the history of the nation, had their equilibrium shaken by the sturdy advocacy of the women's cause by the Premier of Australia and the Premier of New Zealand. These Premiers told the people that the result in their countries was, among other benefits, a higher morality in public life.

CHAPTER XII.

The Derby

DERBY DAY arrived. For fifty years, more or less, I had longed to see this great world's racing event—the Blue Ribbon of the racing world—and we hied ourselves to Epsom with a great company of the washed and unwashed. Between London and Epsom (twelve miles) we saw every conceivable form of conveyance, from the spanking four-in-hand driven by a peer of the realm, to the costermonger's donkey cart. We took the line of least resistance—train—from Waterloo to Epsom. One would naturally have expected to be landed at the racecourse in this great metropolis of sport, but we found that Epsom railway station is a mile and a half from Epsom racecourse, with nothing but “shanks's pony” for it. The few 'buses and cabs available commanded any price, and were simply rushed.

It was a pretty walk from this old English village of Epsom up to the course, through narrow lanes with the chestnut and may-tree meeting overhead. It was a roasting hot day, and we appreciated the shady avenues. The thousands of people jostled each other good-humouredly to get to the course.

Were we disappointed in the great Epsom? If not, we were wonderfully, marvellously surprised at the primitive appearance of the whole lay-out. Can it be compared with Melbourne or Sydney? Not in the same day. Irregular, broken country, the last place one would choose for a course; yet all around can be seen thousands of acres of country as level as a billiard table. It is said that centuries ago the farmers around pegged out a track on



The Derby: Just before the Great Race

the most useless piece of ground on which to test the merits of their respective gig horses, and it has been used for the test of speed ever since. The first half mile in the mile and a half is a steady, you might say stiff, incline; the second half mile is a fairly good grade along the crown of a hill; and the last half mile is the down-hill rush to the finish—the biggest grade I have ever seen on a course in my life. An English horseman told me that is how they make such good time in their half-mile and five-furlong races. It is all down hill, and a horse can make much better time down hill than up hill. I thanked him for this valuable information.

“These solid, perfectly level courses make it very heavy going for the horses; you always want a bit of down hill in the finish of the race,” he told me.

Talk about crowds! The whole human family seemed to be there—a hundred acres of seething humanity. Nevertheless, more than half London hardly knew there was such a thing as the Derby being run that day. Men grown grey within “cooe” of Epsom have never seen the course; and, on the other hand, men have come from the uttermost parts of the earth to see the “Derby.” Right opposite the winning-post was a private grand stand owned by an Australian, who right royally entertained his friends.

What struck me as most peculiar was the fact that the races were free to the public. There are grand stand enclosures, extending along for a quarter of a mile, where you can be accommodated with a seat at from half a dollar to fifty dollars; and it is hardly necessary to say that on this Coronation Derby Day every seat was taken. For here were congregated visitors from every part of His Majesty’s dominions; and the great Derby was *the* attraction this day. But out in the centre field the great mass of people have free access, and there they have the bookmakers, the sideshows, and all kinds of amusement and entertainment.

The police are a great influence in London life to-day, and here upon the racecourse they regulate and command this great concourse of people without the slightest trouble. When the time comes for the race to start, the police go along and tell this great mass of scores of thousands to get off the course, and off they get, and form a line on each side of that track, as straight as a ribbon. The sight is laughable as the horses pass, for then the crowd moves in a solid mass down the course after the horses; but until the horses pass, there is not a waver in the long line. The police do it all. The London crowds are the best-behaved and the most obedient to the police in the whole world. Imagine a crowd this size without any fences at a lacrosse match in New Westminster or Vancouver!

When the Derby of 1911 was over, Sunstar was proclaimed the victor, and he was led by his owner before the King of England, amidst the plaudits of the populace.

Although there were three more races, the people began to leave the course; and then something happened which never happened before on Derby Day. An old-timer upon the ground told me that he saw Hermit win the Derby, or his father saw him win it, in a snowstorm some forty years ago. The elements this year took a different course. All day the air had been charged with heat and electricity—the precursors of a fierce thunderstorm. We were fortunate in just catching a train, and we went right into the teeth of the storm. Forked lightning flashed, followed by the most deafening claps of thunder. All along the roads was a scene of hopeless confusion, for the automobiles and all the other traffic became blocked in water and mud a foot deep, and all the people, 100,000 at least, got sopping wet to the skin. Some walked to the nearest station, others sought a refuge in some near-by cottage or farmhouse, and some stayed there all night. The saddest part of the whole business was the loss of

seven or eight lives by lightning, two policemen among the number. People who condemn horse-racing will say the Lord wreaked his vengeance on the racegoer, and had thus shown his disapproval; but by the same token, three or four churches suffered in the storm, two steeples were struck, and one church was badly burnt and was with great difficulty saved.

This is one objection people have to England—its fierce lightning storms. When I say we have no such disasters on the Pacific coast I am told: "No, because you have the brute harnessed up out there, working in the cars, and lighting your streets and houses, and he hasn't time to play up pranks like this." Derby Day of 1911 will long be remembered for this disastrous thunderstorm.

CHAPTER XIII.

Down Among the Dead Men

THERE is a fascination about one's first visit to the land of one's fathers, and it becomes intense when one visits the actual tomb of one's ancestors. Sixty years ago John Miller, one of a long line of that name, left Poole, a seaport town on the south coast of England, to go to Australia, there to carve out in a new land a new home and make a name for himself, which he did by raising a family of ten children and becoming a minister of the Gospel. The rest of the family stayed behind in Poole, and allowed the name to die out, for there was not one of the name left alive to greet the colonial descendants of that emigrant.

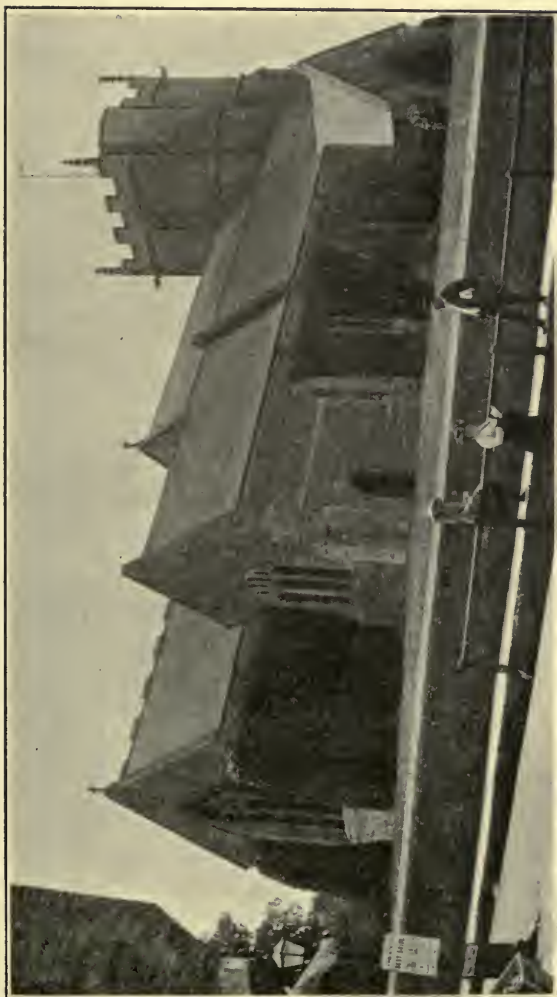
We travelled from London through pretty agricultural downs clothed in a mantle of green, passed Winchester, Southampton, and Bournemouth, and eventually reached the little seaport town of Poole. Some of the buildings in the main street are of the ancient type, roofed with thatch; the streets are narrow, with little narrow stone side-walks; but on the outskirts of the town some very fine modern brick residences have of late years been erected.

There is a beautiful seaside garden park, with flowers in rich bloom, the rhododendron preponderating: it seems to grow wild here. In order to meet someone who might have known my people in the days of long ago, I saluted a sturdy-looking old chap in the street. "Have you been living about here very long?" "Ninety year," he answered. "Well, you would likely know the old hands?" "Yes, everybody who ever lived here."

"Did you know Dr. Miller?" "Which one? I knew them all; the young doctor died here about twenty year ago; he was about eighty when he died; but I knew the old doctor, too, his father. Well, they are all gone—all living up yonder." And so this old man could tell me of my father's boyhood days; of his father, the doctor, his mother and sisters! And the man had just turned eighty-nine. He had been born here, lived here all his life, been mayor half-a-dozen times, magistrate for fifty years, guardian for fifty years. He had been married sixty-six years; his wife was alive and hearty, and a year older than himself. "I think I'll live till I'm about 120," he laughingly said; "I'm only a boy yet."

We found two other old citizens who were of the same school, and we awoke memories of long ago with them. The burial-ground lies about two miles out, on a pretty wooded slope. We had no trouble in finding what we were in search of. The old tomb took us back in the family history over one hundred years—to 1779. We journeyed to the old churchyard, where no one had been entombed for many years; and there we found the ancient tomb, the inscriptions still readable, but some of the dates hard to decipher. To the colonial generation it was impressively romantic and sublime to be standing around the bones of our ancestors in this quiet corner of the Old World, reading their names and inscriptions.

We were shown the old school, the old church, the place where the old people sat in church; but there is no one of the name and no relative now in this old place, which for centuries had been the home of the Millers. In a few years' time there will be no citizen left who has any personal recollection of the family; the old tombs will remain only as a reminder that they once lived; and those of the same name who live in Canada and Australia are left for history to repeat itself in a new land, under perhaps happier and better conditions. We were told: "There is a historical halo about Poole which redeems it



St. Edward's, Corfe Castle

from the commonplace." This sentence must have been written for me, for indeed there was something more than commonplace to me in all these old associations, of which as children we had heard father so often speak; and a halo of more than ordinary brilliance hovered around the memory of the dear departed, for as we talked to those who knew we learnt of the high esteem in which our ancestors had been held by their fellow-citizens.

Bournemouth, where we stayed for one day, is the prettiest city we ever saw. It is a seaside health resort. The chines are very attractive. There are Water Chine, Durley Chine, Middle Chine, Alum Chine, Branksome Chine, and Bôscombe Chine. Not till our visit did I understand what a chine is—simply a ravine or gorge. Vancouver has chines by the dozen. We have a small chine in the exhibition grounds which is to be made a place of beauty. On the hillside in South Vancouver, running to the Fraser river, there are several chines which in years to come will be converted into beauty spots. North Vancouver possesses them in abundance, and of such magnitude that they will become valuable possessions. The municipal authorities should possess themselves of all these properties throughout their entire length, and by drives and walks and gardens, ponds and rivulets, transform them into public resorts for the public good.

Leaving Bournemouth, we passed through Southampton, a busy shipping port—a port from which many emigrants have sailed to the New World. I have a note in my historical sketches—"15th July, 1853. John Miller sailed from Southampton to Australia in the *Royal Stuart*."

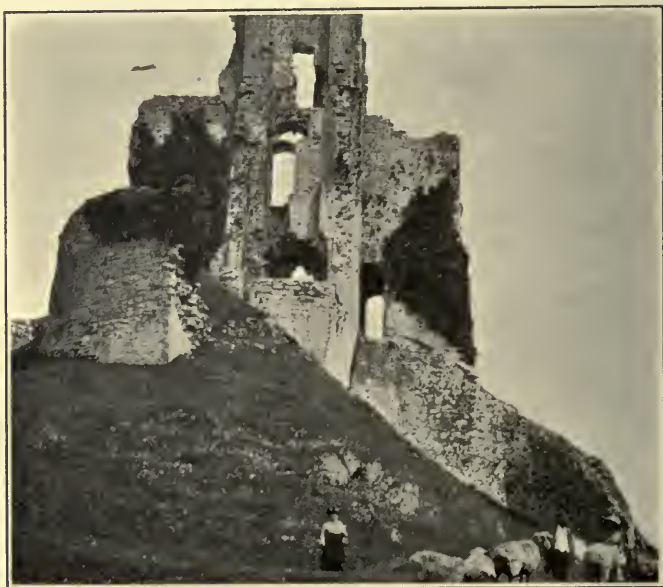
We ran on through a veritable garden of luxury. Nature had on her full-dress garb. We came to Portsmouth and Southsea, side by side. My lady travelling companion had a good memory. As we approached Southsea she said: "I remember visiting here as a girl forty years ago, and I remember a brick terrace of houses close to the



Corfe Castle Ruins

station, with a sign on it, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' I wonder if it is there yet." Drawing into the station, the first things to greet our eyes were "Prepare to meet thy God" and the brick terrace, thus removing any doubts in our minds as to the reliability of our companion's memory.

We had an hour to wait for our connecting train, so we



Corfe Castle Ruins

hired a landau and drove around Southsea Common and along the water's edge.

Here in the bay lies Nelson's old flagship, the *Victory*, from the deck of which comes down to us through all the years the inspiration for every man to do his duty; and here on the beach is one of the anchors. Close by stands the old Star and Garter Hotel, where Nelson delighted to smoke a "churchwarden" with Howe and Keppel. At

the same hotel Sir John Franklin had a room which still bears his name. Just outside the city is Dickens's birth-place, 393 Commercial Road, now a museum; and across the water can be seen the Isle of Wight, apparently about the same distance as Bowen Island is from Vancouver.

From Portsmouth to Brighton is a pleasant run. From the sea to the foothills the country is comparatively level, of great agricultural and pastoral richness. The live fences are well kept, the land is well tilled; market gardens are numerous, and made to produce much and often. The cattle are of good quality, fat and sleek. We saw pure Guernseys, milking shorthorns, Ayrshires, and in one place a nice little herd of black-polled Angus. We passed a beautiful castle on the hillside, about a mile from Ford Junction. It is the seat of the Duke of Norfolk, Arundel Castle.

We traversed the chalk country. Immense pits could be seen from the train, quarried from the hillsides; but there seemed to be little doing in chalk here. The milk is good and yellow and rich; and the chalk-pits are idle. Brighton-by-the-Sea is a prosperous, busy, crowded city. It was here where 1,000 Oddfellows of the Manchester Unity met on the week of my visit in annual conference. I brought the message to them from British Columbia and Manitoba.

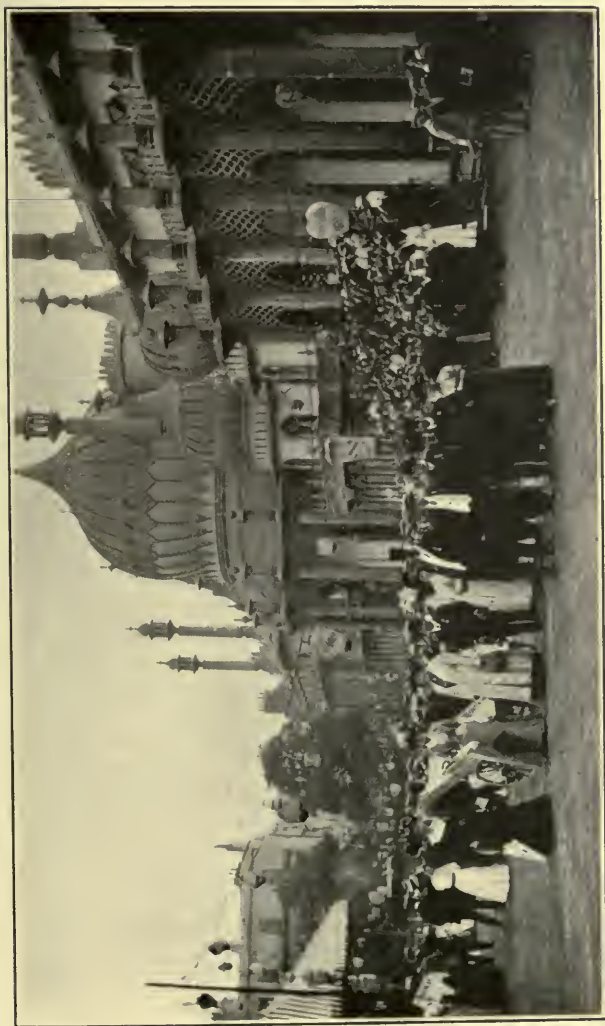
CHAPTER XIV.

The Oddfellows' Convention

BRIGHTON, the Queen of Watering Places, has a population of about 180,000. We were told by the residents with great pride that fifty years ago there were not more than 40,000 people in the town, and they are proud of this rapid increase. How long will it take Vancouver to grow from 40,000 to 180,000? Not fifty years, I trow, seeing that she has grown from 40,000 to 140,000 in the last six years.

Double-decked cars are used on the Brighton tramways, with the exception of a small dinkey that runs along the water's edge. Something like this is wanted from English Bay around the water's edge at Stanley Park. It would be a great summer evening's ride for the people of Vancouver, and something must be done to place that great natural park within reach of the masses of the people, for whom God meant it.

On the first evening of the Oddfellows' Convention the Mayor of Brighton held a reception, at which there were over 1,000 present. We were formally welcomed, and regaled with light refreshments and music. The municipal authorities have possessed themselves of the King's Palace; and it was there and in the beautiful garden and grounds attached thereto that we were received. It was erected by King George IV., who had a great liking for Brighton, and who lived there a large part of the time. The stables of the King have been converted into a public hall called "The Dome," and it was there that the A. M. C. of 700 deputies sat in



Oddfellows at Brighton

conference: "The stables of King George IV.!" The Dome is a large circular building after the fashion of the Albert Hall in London—with a glass roof—just such a stable as I have desired for the Exhibition grounds at Vancouver; so that my ideas have been kingly regarding stables at any rate.

On Sunday afternoon there was an Oddfellows' Church Parade. The members of the order and their wives met at the Palace and marched, headed by the city band, to the Sussex Parish Church. The Mayor of Brighton in scarlet robes, and the Aldermen in blue robes, with the city clerk in wig and gown, were in the procession, and made an imposing sight. The vicar is the Rev. Canon Hoskyns, who conducted the service; the lesson was read by Grand Master Barnes, the sermon being preached by the Lord Bishop of Chichester. The sermon was preached from the text, "Honour all men. Fear God. Honour the King." The hymns on this occasion were all composed by brethren of the order.

The conference was representative of the whole of the British Isles. British Columbia, South Africa, and New Zealand were the only places across the seas that sent delegates, and these received a most hearty reception. It is fifty years since the A. M. C. met at Brighton. At the opening of the conference no fewer than five mayors were in attendance, in robes and chains of office, to welcome the delegates. They were the Mayors of Brighton, Hove, Arundel, Lewes, and Worthing—all but one mayor being Oddfellows. They each made short speeches of welcome.

The Grand Master's address was a masterpiece, a regular speech from the throne. He was a man of patriarchal appearance, with a long grey beard. A veteran warrior in friendly society work, he knew his question from A to Z. He reported a year's success—a growth of 130,000 members for the year, and an increase of funds to upwards of fifteen millions sterling. When the old man resumed his seat after a two hours' deliverance,

every word of which was listened to with rapt attention, he received thunderous applause. The delegate from British Columbia had the honour of seconding the "address in reply," and the *Sussex Daily News* reported his remarks as follows:—

"Bro. Miller (British Columbia), who met with a cordial reception, seconded. His message from across the seas, he said, was that spoken of in the address—one of loyalty to the Manchester Unity, and loyalty to the Union Jack. The brother who proposed the vote of thanks said he would like all the million members of the Unity to have heard the address. He (the speaker) seconded the idea of having it printed and placed in the hands of every Oddfellow under the flag of the Manchester Unity, and he would go further and say, 'Put it in the hands of everyone who can read the English language.' It would give them an idea of the good the Unity was doing, and of its prospects in the future. He had great pleasure in being here from across the seas to second this motion, and to wish that the deliverer of this address, which, as they would say in the colonies, was 'full of meat' (laughter), would be spared to attend many more conferences (applause)."

The British Columbia delegate was soon surrounded by brethren who had relatives or friends in Canada. One brother from Maidstone had a friend, Charlie Williams, at Mt. Pleasant. Another from Shipley knew Miss Ella Gilbert in Vancouver. Another from Southampton had a friend in Mr. W. Hayes in Vancouver. Bro. Rapley, of Birkenhead, knew Mr. Wolfenden in B. C. Bro. Tostevin, of Gosport, had a son at Kamloops. Bro. Rapley, of Steyning, had a friend, Bro. T. H. Brown, of the United Service Club, Vancouver. Bro. Wilkin, of Liverpool, had an old chum, Shellshear, at Mt. Pleasant. Bro. Gillespie, of Belfast, had a brother out there thirty years ago. He invited us to go and stay a couple of weeks with him at Belfast, and see the Giant's Causeway. I promised to

stay one day with him. Bro. Wright, of Hull, who sailed the Pacific twenty years ago, invited us to go and stay a while at Hull. And so they went on, each with warm messages to their friends over the seas. I invited them to come to Vancouver and hold an A. M. C., and I told them that they would all stay with us when they came out.

You can't beat an Oddfellows' conference for downright good fellowship. I felt just as much at home with these boys as if I had known them all my life; and it was good to be there.

The local arrangements made for the entertainment of the delegates and their ladies were very extensive, and of the most hospitable character. Committees of ladies took the visiting ladies in hand, and there was a continual round of parties, boating excursions, railway excursions, and garden parties. In the evenings there were concerts and dinners and recitals, and amusements of all sorts.

Mr. Lloyd George's State Insurance Bill was the all-engrossing question with friendly society people. Naturally, they were opposed to compulsory insurance, and it was thought that the effect of the Bill, when it became law, would be to put an end to the usefulness of friendly societies. It being evident that nothing would prevent it passing into law, the conference decided to abandon the usual routine of business and take the Bill clause by clause, which they did in a manner that would have done credit to the House of Commons.

There are some very fine debaters in the Manchester Unity, and they had four members of the House of Commons as well, who took part in the debate. Mr. Lloyd George was expected to meet the delegates, but he wired from the Continent that he was unable to come. He, however, offered to go into the matter with them on his return. So a committee was appointed to act in conjunction with other friendly societies to watch the Bill through the committee stage of the House of Commons.

To add lustre to the occasion, the event was favoured by the presence of Royalty. The Crown Prince of Sweden came with the Mayor and Mayoress, and was formally welcomed by the Grand Master. Though very youthful, he made a nice little speech in good English, and spoke highly of the work of friendly societies. "Work," he said, "that was consecrated to relieving humanity was work of a high order." He received quite an ovation. He, on behalf of the Oddfellows, then handed the Mayoress a beautiful gold bracelet in token of their appreciation of the unbounded hospitality of the Mayor and Mayoress and the Brighton people.

CHAPTER XV.

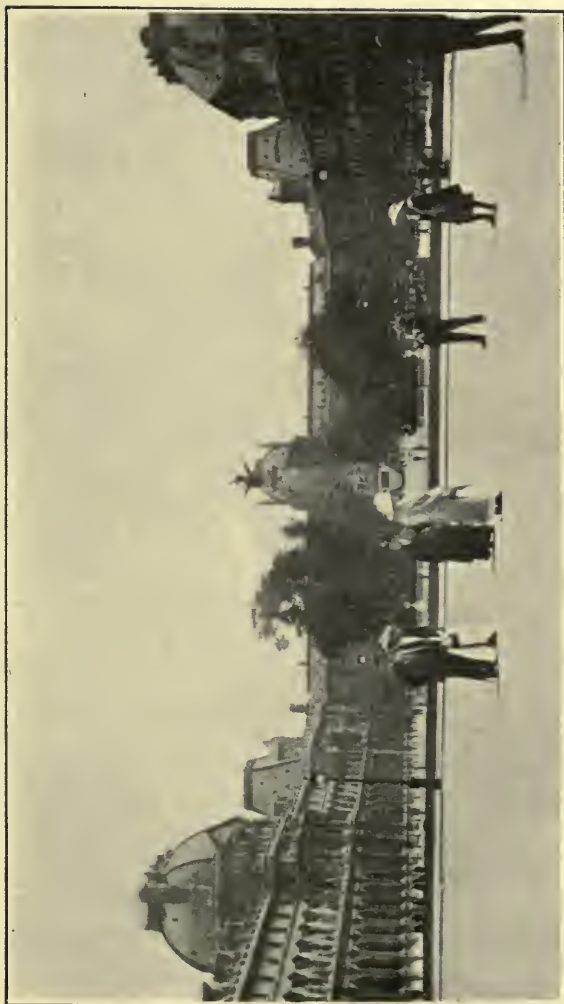
Paris

FROM London to Paris is a pleasant few hours' trip. The way to Folkestone, where we took boat to Boulogne, is through Kent, and we saw for the first time the extensive hop-fields we had heard so much about. At Folkestone we took the boat, which is about the size of the old *Charmer*; but there is no comparison as regards the accommodation. If the services of other crossings are no better, these people need to come to Vancouver to get a wrinkle on how to cater for the public. They charged us two shillings and sixpence for a cold meat lunch, and extra for tea, everything being served up by one of the working men in shirt-sleeves.

One hour and twenty minutes across the Channel, which was a little choppy, brought us to Boulogne, a city of some 50,000 inhabitants, whose educational institutions have a high reputation. Its herring fisheries make it an important place of export of this commodity. Another industry that causes Boulogne to be well known is the manufacture of steel pens. The harbour is indebted to man for improvements that constitute it an important seaport.

We submitted ourselves to the customs officer, who did not know a word of English. He asked me for a cigar, and I gave him one; but what he really wanted to know was if I had any cigars in my grip. However, our ignorance made us look honest; he chalked our bags without opening them, and so we passed through to our train in waiting.

As we were now off the English railway systems again, we had to climb up into the carriages, as in Canada and



The Louvre

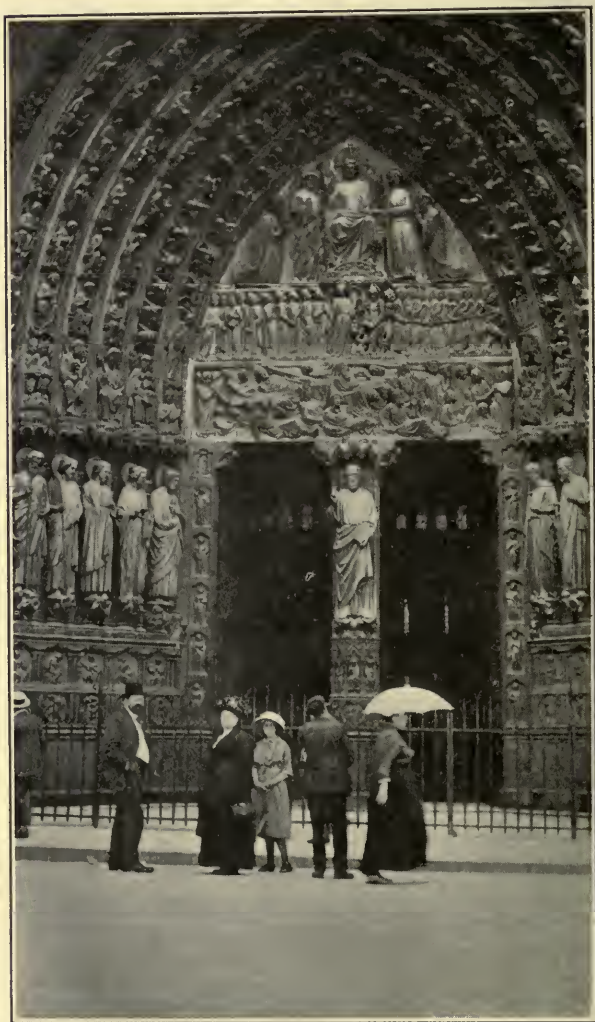
the United States. We amused ourselves trying to read the French notices in the carriages. Along the railway line, which runs through the fertile valley of the Liane, the women were to be seen in hundreds working in the fields. Hay-making was in full swing. A man uses the scythe, the women putting the hay up in stooks. As we proceeded the areas became larger and machinery more in evidence. We passed through several industrial centres—cement works, cloth manufacturing works, where linen, woollen stuffs, velvets, and cashmeres are made, the principal centre being Amiens, with a population of nearly 100,000. History tells us that it was at Amiens in 1802 that peace between France and England was consummated. The names of other places we passed have also their historical interest to the Frenchman—Folleville, Justen, Chaussée, Clermont, Liancourt, Rantigny, and Creil.

“Is this Paris?” we asked of a railway porter. He looked at us as if we were Chinamen, and walked away in contempt. Another with more intelligence came along crying “Paree! Paree!” so we guessed we were at our journey’s end. We made use of the inevitable taxi to conduct us to our hotel, the younger members of our party dreading the time for the evening meal to come round, when frogs would be served up. They were not forthcoming, however; and it was with difficulty we made it understood that we must have a cup of tea. No one drinks tea here except invalids under doctors’ orders, and they take it as a kind of herbal medicine. So cups had to be discovered, and milk sent for, and the house generally upset because the English travellers wanted “tay.” One can have as much wine as he likes to drink, red or white; but “tay” is only medicine.

The money is on the decimal principle, one-fourth that of the American and Canadian system. The American dollar is divided into 100 cents; the French franc, one-fourth the value of a dollar, is divided into 100 centimes.



Gambetta Monument



Grand Entrance, Notre Dame

So we soon got into the way of it, excepting when we saw in a shop-window something marked 50 ¢, which at first sight led us to believe that it was four times dearer in France than in Canada.

Paris, the world-renowned centre of fashion and style, is, in its every-day garb, no different from any other city. In fact, instead of being a fast city, it is mighty slow in some ways.

The continental Sunday we had read so much about in Paris was not so much in evidence. The Champs Elysées and the Tuilleries Gardens were full of men, women, and children sitting about and strolling under the shady trees. Children's punch-and-judy shows and merry-go-rounds, goat-carts, and donkeys were also going; but no wild noise or excitement, such as we were led to believe followed the Frenchman everywhere. There are plenty of churches, and the French are a very devout people in their own religion. London has its statuary and some beautiful equestrian statues; but for profusion of the sculptor's work Paris surpasses London. It has no scruples or false modesty in the exhibition of statuary: Nature is depicted as Nature is.

The Hotel des Invalides, at the end of the Champ de Mars, leads to a church full of interest to the tourist. Here, under the great dome, lie the remains of Napoleon. Can anyone imagine a tomb of greater grandeur and magnitude? The tomb containing the remains of this ambitious ruler lies in an open circular crypt, and is built of red marble. Around the tomb stand several figures, and there are displayed the colours of the army, with the names inscribed of the various battles symbolising Napoleonic victories. Compare this majestic grandeur with the plain stone tomb in which he, in solitary exile, was buried in St. Helena, and one comes to the conclusion that it was worth while being buried alive in exile in order to be immortalised by an admiring nation in this memorial, which for kingly conception can hardly be



Eiffel Tower

excelled. The old institution, Hotel des Invalides, was the conception of Louis XIV., and covers an area of thirty acres right in the heart of Paris; at one time it provided for no fewer than 7,000 inmates. It is now used principally as a museum.

The cathedral of Notre Dame was founded in 1163, and is one of the chief show-places of the city; the carving



Arch in Tuilleries Gardens

and sculpture are elaborate and fine. The foundation-stone was laid by Pope Alexander III.

The Colonne Vendome, 142 feet in height, stands on historic ground, bound in plates of bronze obtained by the melting down of 1,200 Russian cannons.

The Madeleine is a fine old Roman church surrounded by massive columns, and is impressive in extent and execution.

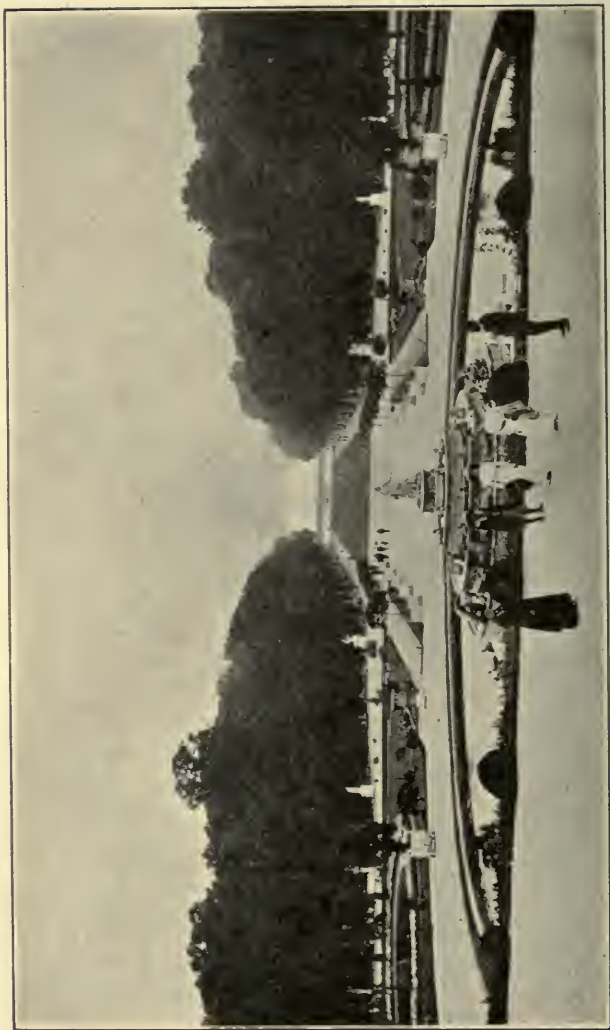


Palace at Versailles

It is claimed that the finest picture-gallery in the world is in the Tuilleries Palace, combining the work of all the great masters—Raphael, Titian, and Lucini. "The Marriage at Cana of Galilee" is a great painting, said to be the largest picture in the world (31 feet by 22 feet), and contains 100 figures. The artist took the liberty of inserting in the group portraits of latter-day royal personages—even the portrait of himself, depicted as one of the musicians at the feast, accompanied on the violincello, flute, and bass viol by other celebrated artists of his day. The artist was Paul Veronese.

We drove past the palace of the President of the Republic. Situated on the Champ Elysées, with its high stone wall and iron railings, the house stands back, almost hidden in the shrubbery. Opposite the Trocadero Palace, which is a very fine structure on a nice eminence, is the Eiffel Tower, 900 feet high. We were invited to take the trip to the top at the small charge of two francs and fifty centimes; but the weaker sex of our party shuddered at the prospect, so the trip was abandoned. We were told it sways in the breeze a couple of feet backwards and forwards. There is a post-office at the top, where the visitor can write his letters and postcards and mail them to his friends.

Two of the most striking things about Paris are the quantity of wine consumed morning, noon, and night by men, women, and children (I never drank so much wine in the same length of time or enjoyed it so much before), and the number of stallions at work. All the heavy harness horses are stallions, some of them very beautiful animals of the Percheron type. There are no Clydesdales to be seen in France; the clean-boned, active horse is the one in demand, and you will see four, five, or six stallions all in single file in a dray: the light harness horses are all geldings. In the Bois de Boulogne, a gigantic park outside Paris, you will see hundreds of riders out for exercise, and very few high-class horses



The Grounds, Versailles Palace



Artificial Caves and Statuary, Versailles

among them. The woods which abut on the walls of Paris contain thousands of acres, and, together with the many parks, are a fine asset to the people. It is a very pretty and enjoyable drive from Paris through the Bois de Boulogne, past the racecourse at Longchamps, across the Seine, and up the hill at St. Cloud.

A short drive up and down hill on the old macadamised roads of Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. brings one to Versailles, a city of about 80,000 inhabitants, where stands the great palace around which history has woven such tragic, sentimental, and kingly associations.

A short distance out by a beautiful avenue is a second palace, great in itself, with all its marble and artistic furnishings. The "Trianon" it is called, and in itself it is a place worthy of any kingdom, with its wealth of marble and beautiful grounds.

The great racecourse at Longchamps is passed on the way from Paris to Versailles *via* St. Cloud. Here is where the Grand Prix is run, and here on many Sundays in the year the racing fraternity enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. The course is situated in a valley between two small hills, and, although the course and grandstands are very fine, to my mind they do not come anywhere near Melbourne or even Sydney in Australia. The buildings, being of stone, have an appearance of greater permanency and stability; but the Australian courses are better.

On the return trip from Versailles we passed through Sevres, where the world-famous china is manufactured. Here we saw the oldest church now existent in France, with the date 675 inscribed over the door.

In the Tuilleries Gardens in Paris an old gentleman has the wild birds (sparrows and pigeons) completely tamed. He visits the gardens three times daily, and as soon as he arrives they swarm around him and alight on his shoulders and head, feed out of his mouth, and show no alarm whatever. It is amusing to see him run away



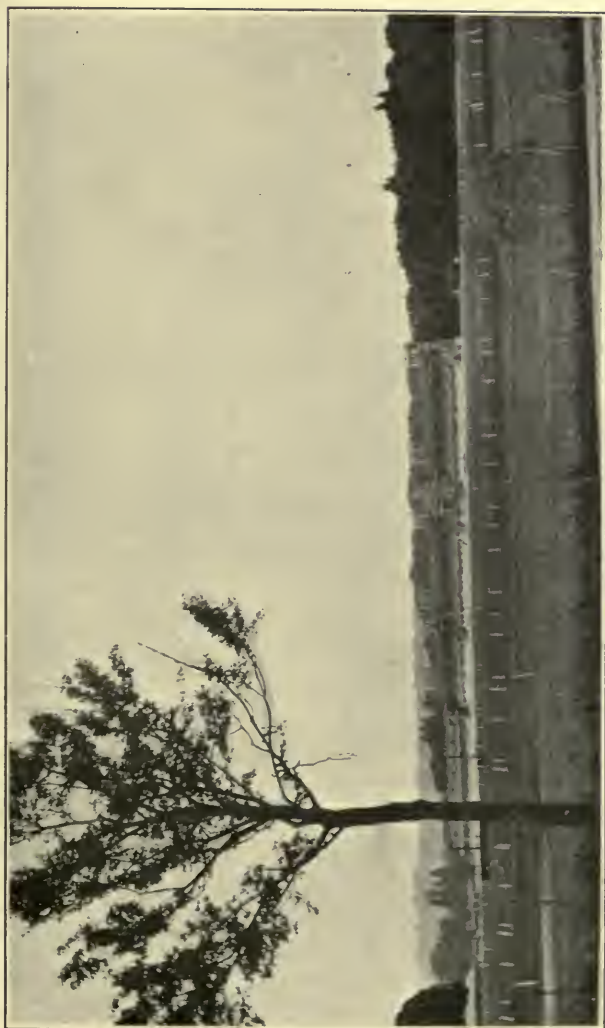
Louis XIV. Statue, Versailles .

down the walk with the swarm all after him. It has taken years for him patiently to tame these birds to this degree. It was done in the winter time, when the snow was on the ground and food scarce; by rewarding them with food he got them to do what he wanted.

The motor 'bus in Paris has come to stay. After seeing these very excellent vehicles, which provide first and second class compartments, I had no fear of the long-dated tram franchise in Vancouver and suburbs. The time is in sight when the electric railroads in the main business streets will be a thing of the past. The motor 'bus of Paris is really a sweet little street car. Given good paved streets and these little cars, no city need disfigure her streets with rails, posts, and trolley wires.

In Paris the taxicab is a multitude. There are no police at the street intersections, and in order to cross the Champs Elysées in safety it is well to take the underground crossing at all times, for the taxi travels at a speed that appears to have no legal limit.

In the name of all that is righteous, do not let the aldermen of Vancouver come to Paris in order to learn anything in regard to the matter of public conveniences and lavatories.



Longchamps Racecourse

CHAPTER XVI.

The Battlefield of Waterloo

FROM Paris to Brussels we passed through wholly agricultural country. The farmers were very busy hay-making. The weather was fine, and they "made hay while the sun shone." There were more women to be seen in the fields than men.

No time is lost in getting in a second crop, for as soon as the hay is off, manure is carted and the plough is seen at work again, either for potatoes, turnips, or some other root crop.

When we reached the border-line between France and Belgium, at a place called Mons, the customs officer passed through the train, and merely asked us something, at which we shook our heads. We think he asked us if we had any dutiable goods in our baggage, but what he really did say will forever remain a mystery to us.

I had occasion this trip to go to the dining saloon to secure seats for four. Holding up the four fingers of my hand, I chucked something off my chest like this at the waiter: "I want quatre dejeuners, s'il vous plait." I presume it was my pronunciation that confused the poor waiter, as he appeared to wonder what language I was trying to speak. I again felt like a Chinaman. He ultimately said: "Can you speak English, sir?" and all my troubles were over, and I felt as if I were at Grandview again—quite at home.

On entering Belgium we saw evidences of the great mining and iron industries. Judging by the immense mounds of earth excavated, they must be now nearing the Antipodes with their mining.

There are no mountains or hills in Belgium; the country is slightly undulating, and practically the whole of it is under cultivation. There are no fences or even hedges to speak of. The boundaries of the little farms are marked by rows of trees planted many years ago; and these trees, though very thinly distributed, lend a great relief to what would otherwise be a monotonous landscape.

Now, why doesn't the prairie farmer in Canada adopt the same system? What a relief it would be to the eye, and how it would lend beauty and charm to the landscape! What man has done in the way of forestry, both in France and Belgium, man can also do for the prairies of Canada, if he will only look to the future instead of to the immediate present.

Brussels is a very quiet-going city after Paris. It is laid out something after the same style as Paris; a wide boulevard of trees something like the Champ Elysées surrounds the city, where the old city wall once stood. All these old places were at one time fortified with walls.

On arrival at the railway station (Gare du Midi) we saw a couple of dozen men on the platform in what seemed to be their nightshirts. They turned out to be porters with white overalls on, who seized our baggage and saw us safely placed in our taxi-cab.

Wherever you go, the railways, tramcars, and taxicabs are much the same; farms and homesteads much the same; humanity much the same. The fly in the ointment is the language. Here we have three languages—French, Dutch, and Flemish, with some English thrown in. The notices on the railway carriages and stations are in four languages. "Neit Rookten," "no smoking," "Neit Spewin," "no spitting," and other similar notices, greet the eye. Oh, hasten the time when all the civilised nations of the world will speak one tongue!

In Brussels dogs as beasts of burden are to be seen everywhere. They are for the most part big hounds with short tails, and are harnessed under the hand carts of the

dealers, hawkers, messengers, and so on. They all wear muzzles according to law, and some of them pull great loads about the streets. Some of the milk carts are drawn by four abreast. In one instance I saw a milch cow drawing a cart down a street of a village. This, I think, is against Scriptural injunction. One can pass over the working of dogs and milch cows; but the working of women in the fields and at other laborious occupations, to the degree seen in both Belgium and France, does not elevate the status of women, and leaves a wide open field for the missionary of the English woman-suffrage movement.

The Belgian horse seems to belong to a class of his own. The heavy harness horse is a clean-legged, sound barrel, thick-necked, good-quartered animal, neither a Suffolk nor a Percheron, nor even a chain-legged shire. Some very pretty teams of this class are seen in Brussels, and are much to be admired. They do not work stallions here as they do in Paris.

This is the home of lace-making. Brussels lace is of world-wide reputation. We were shown lace-making in all its manifold varieties. It gives employment to a large number of women. They are very expert with the bobbin. A great many varieties are worked by needle, and it is a tedious and slow system of manufacture, taking weeks and weeks for one woman to manufacture one yard of lace of some patterns. We were shown the pattern from which the bridal veil of the Queen of Spain was made; it took several women three months' constant work to complete. So, although this is the home of lace-making, lace here is quite an expensive luxury, and the women folk of our party had to content themselves with very small purchases as souvenirs.

A story is told of a lady making heavy purchases of lace in Brussels, and wrapping it around her body on returning to England. The Customs officer noticed the undue proportions of the lady's figure in comparison with her

youthful appearance, and had her examined, when the lace was discovered. "That's alright, my lady; I apologise," said the officer: "there is no duty on Nottingham lace." He was a lace expert, and soon detected the deception that had been practised on the lady.

There are some magnificent buildings in Brussels, too numerous to particularise. The Palace of Justice is a very massive and beautiful structure on the highest point of the city, and it rightly is the chief show-place. The old cathedral, which was begun in 1220, is an imposing work of architecture, the glory of the Middle Ages; the stained glass windows and the statuary are rich in their colour and execution. The Hotel de Ville is a most beautiful edifice, dating from 1402. The Maison du Roi, facing the Hotel de Ville, was the king's house; and we were told that it was here that Egmont and De Hornes spent the night previous to their execution on June 5, 1568. This building is a gem of richness and beauty,

Around these buildings are the Guild Houses, "Maisons des Corporations," built in the seventeenth century. Here are the halls of the Carpenters, the Bakers' Guild, the Mercers' Guild, and a dozen others; the Post Office, the King's Palace, the Library, Picture Gallery, and Armoury are also worthy of inspection. Numerous also are the statues of men of the past; some we had heard of, some were new to us.

Among the most remarkable of the many nice fountains of the city is one called the Manneken Fountain, around which is wound a legend relating to its history and origin. It is said to have been erected many centuries ago by a rich citizen whose little boy had been lost for five days and was eventually found there, where the monument and fountain now stand. This little statue is represented in many forms on picture postcards, which find a more ready sale, to Englishmen especially, than any other postcard manufactured in Brussels. It may be said that this fountain would not be permitted in Vancouver for fear

of offending the eye of those who abhor Nature in her nakedness.

Antwerp is only a short run by train from Brussels, through gardens and farms, every inch of which is tilled and made to produce to its full capacity. The local summary of Antwerp is given in these words: "Antwerp, with her gigantic port, which can rival with that of Hamburg and Liverpool, is the real commercial and artistic capital of Belgium." This "gigantic port" is not as imposing a sight as False Creek; but plenty of business is done here, for no fewer than 6,470 vessels entered here last year.

The population of the province of Antwerp is almost one million, the city itself claiming 326,354. A further local description of the harbour reads as follows: "The harbour, a majestic stream covered with steamers, docks, warehouses, cart-houses, stores; an infernal noise of falling goods, passing vessels, a fever of labour, a boiling of laborious life.....A siren utters a shrill cry; another answers with a shrill bellowing. A steamer has arrived, another departs; and it is this continued coming and going which makes Antwerp one of the first ports in the world."

Artistic Antwerp is the birthplace of great genius. We were also told: "Mighty genius 'arised' who'll eternally remain the art's glory—Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, Teniers, and others." Here Rubens was born, and here he died. Van Dyck was a pupil of Rubens, born in Antwerp 1599, died in London (where we see so much of his great work) in 1641. There are magnificent statues erected in the city to these distinguished artists, of whom the residents are very proud. Besides those of Rubens and Van Dyck there are Teniers, Jordeans, Quinten Matsys, the blacksmith who became a great painter, and many others whose names are not so familiar, but who rank high in Antwerp history.

The great Antwerp Cathedral, of which everyone has

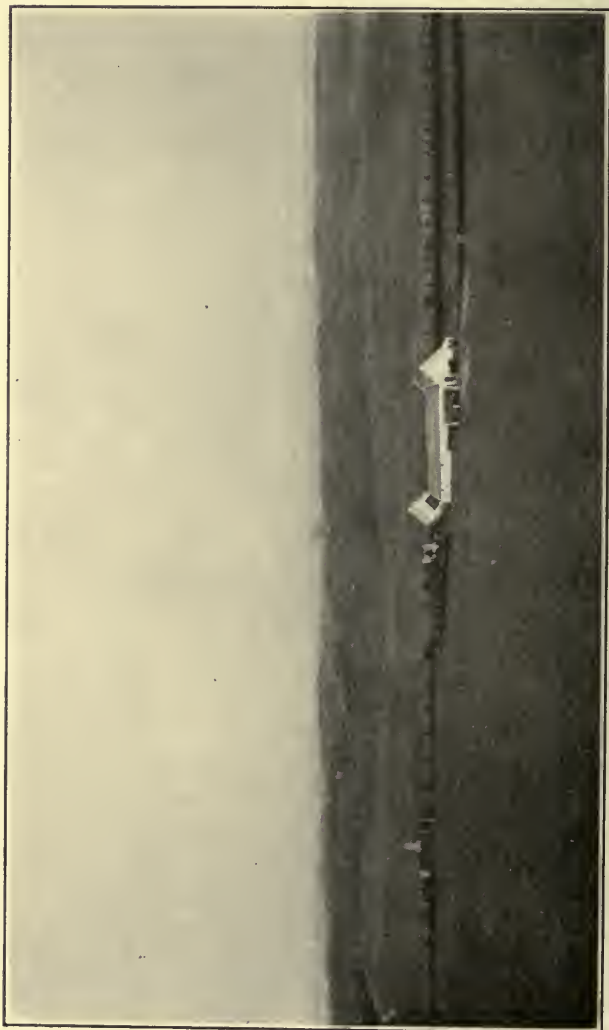
heard or read, is situated in the heart of the city, surrounded by insignificant and rather dirty and dingy-looking buildings; the surroundings are bad and objectionable. This cathedral was begun in 1352. The interior is majestic; the pictures by the great artists are numerous; the best individual collection in the world is here to be found. The picture is here, "The Descent from the



Monument in Antwerp

Cross," in which Van Dyck surpassed Rubens. During Rubens' absence the picture, in an unfinished state, fell from the easel and sustained considerable damage. Van Dyck, being considered the most skilful of the pupils, was chosen to repair it, which he did so successfully that Rubens, on his return, declared that his pupil's work surpassed his own.

A very fine chime of bells showers a rain of music on



Bird's-eye View of Battlefield of Waterloo

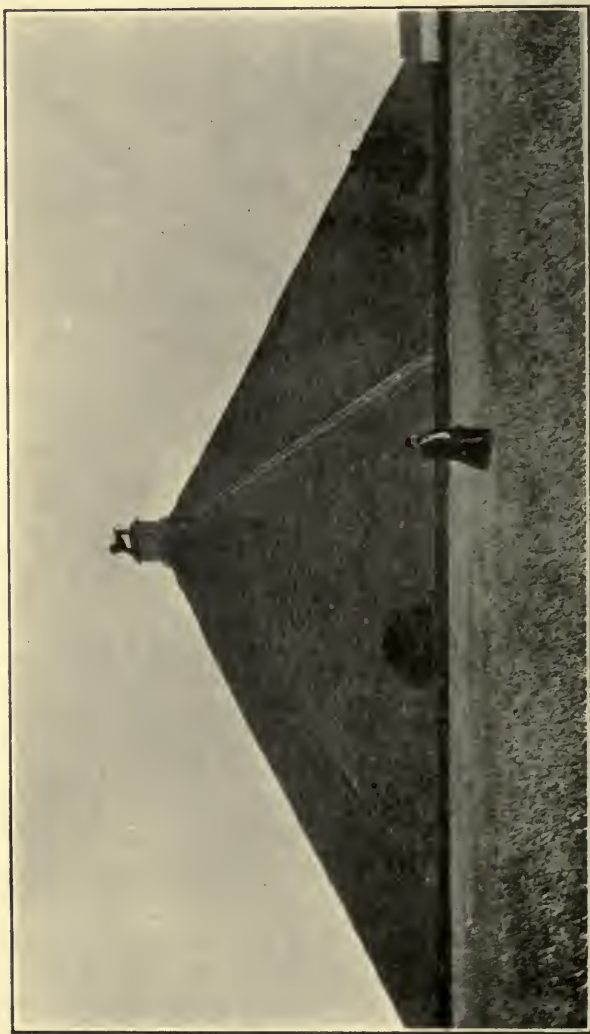
this antiquated city, and the cathedral is the chief show-place for tourists. Other churches are more modern, and perhaps grander in some way ; but historical associations with the work of the great masters make the cathedral the attraction *par excellence*. The old city wall, built of earth, still remains, and is easily defined.

WATERLOO.

The battlefield of Waterloo is about twenty miles by rail from Brussels. The day we spent there was perhaps the most intensely interesting in all our travels. Excellent crops of wheat, rye, and barley cover the whole of the ancient battlefield, which lies in a rich agricultural district.

On the spot where fell the Prince of Orange, and where the last word of the battle was said, was constructed a hillock, 200 feet high, made of the soil drawn from the battlefield. On the summit was erected a lion of iron, made from the weapons used on the day of that bloody battle. We ascended upwards of 200 steps to reach the summit, and from there we got a panoramic view of the field and the surrounding country. Over at yonder cross roads stood Wellington all day long on that eventful 18th of June, 1815, and directed the battle. Over there, on the opposite side, where stands the clump of trees, Napoleon viewed the mighty hosts arrayed against him, and, it is said, admired most the Scotch Greys : " What beautiful cavalry ! What a pity that in half an hour I shall have cut them to pieces !" He was sanguine of success, which never came.

As we sat upon the height of that artificial hillock and surveyed the peaceful scene of to-day, we drew in our imagination the sight of that other day, 100 years ago, a thrilling spectacle of 62,000 men facing 72,000, artillery, infantry, and cavalry. Imagine the mighty murmur of the multitude, and then try to draw the imagination on to the scene that followed—the clash of steel and the



The Neund, Waterloo

booming of the murderous cannon. And, lastly, try to follow in imagination the scene at daylight on the following morn, when the mighty dead lay in thousands with their war-horses on the very spot where we now stood, and when two nations mourned with heartbreaking sobs for the brave men whose lives were given in order to decide questions of national supremacy.

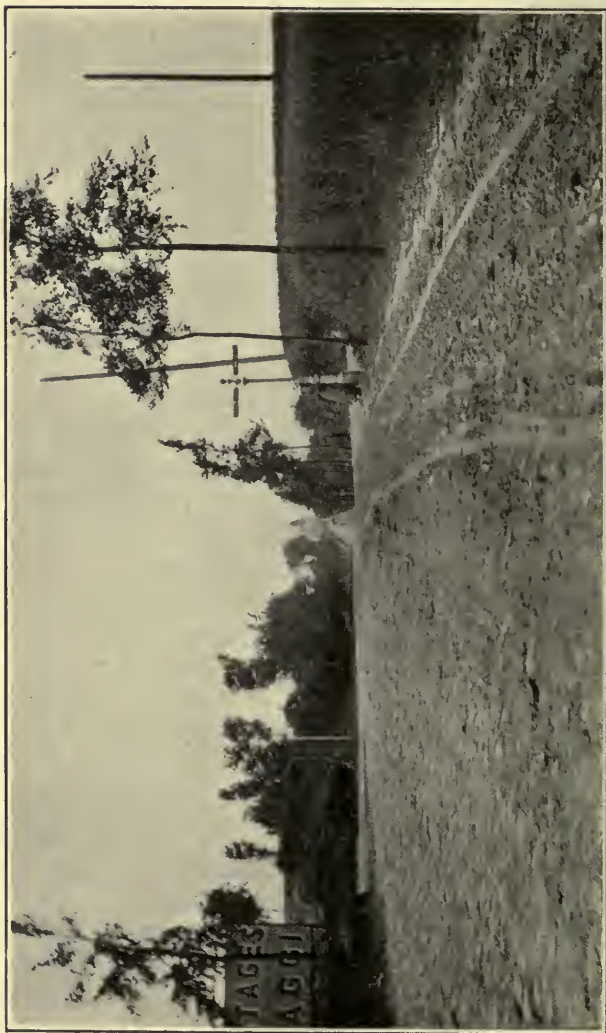
We descended from the Lion, as the mound is called, and traversed the extent of the field. At this house Napoleon breakfasted the morning of the battle; then rode out on his beautiful white charger, glass in hand, scrutinising the enemy and the massing of their troops. That evening he passed the same spot at the head of the fugitives fleeing before the onrush of the pursuing enemy. All was lost! We paid a visit to the old Hougomont farm, where great tragedies were enacted. In the orchard 1,500 soldiers were killed during one short hour, and 300 were buried in the well in the farmyard close by the little chapel. Several monuments have been erected to the memory of the fallen by relatives or friends.

The little chapel of the farm still stands. On the wall of the chapel are inscribed the following words:—

“Visitors are earnestly requested to treat this chapel with respect, for within its walls on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, many of the brave defenders of Hougomont passed to their rest.”

We needed no such injunction; we bared our heads in the presence of the 70,000 dead, and we held in deep respect the memory of the dead brave of both sides. But other pillagers of souvenirs had not paid such respect to the past. One had even taken away the leg of the image of Christ as a souvenir. Others had chipped pieces off the wooden image of the Virgin. Hence the necessity of the notice quoted.

It was at this farm that the fiercest of the battle raged. Several times this stronghold was taken and retaken from both sides. The battle lasted throughout the day, and



The Cross Roads, Waterloo

the dead of both sides were heaped up in ghastly masses with the dying. On the other quarter of the field is the farm of the holy-hedge, where, history narrates, horrible butchery took place. A single grave close by here in the little valley contains 4,000 men and a large number of horses.

The farmhouse of Mount St. Jean was the property of the old Templar Order, and afterwards belonged to the Knights of Malta. On the day of the battle it was used as a field hospital—the scene of many dying episodes. Where Wellington was stationed all day is not far from this spot.

They told us that the tourist traffic is very large to Waterloo, and is due chiefly to English people. Fully a hundred sightseers were to be observed in small parties all over the farms, on the day of our visit. There is a museum at the hotel containing weapons of all kinds, picked up on the battlefield. May the time be hastened when all munitions of war will be found only in museums, to be shown to the sight-seeing public as instruments of destruction used in time of war before people became enlightened, and before human life was esteemed at its divine value.

I made up my mind, on leaving Vancouver, that no confidence man in London or any other place would take me in; but in Brussels I fell an easy victim. A gentleman, seeing me on the platform waiting for the train to Ostend, accosted me: "Can you tell me if this is the through train to London?" I replied: "Yes, that is what we are here for." He said he was travelling from Australia to the Coronation, and he found it difficult with the language in these foreign places. I said: "I am an Australian from New South Wales." He said: "Oh, I'm from Bendigo; I've been in Ballarat, Cootamundra, Tenwra, Wyalong, Koolgardie," and mentioned a lot of other places with which I was quite familiar. So we struck up an acquaintance, and he went one way and I another.



D'Hougement Farm, Waterloo

Just as we got seated in our carriage he came rushing in with a five-pound note in his hand and asked me to change it for him, as he couldn't get away without change. I said I couldn't do it, as I was short of change myself. "I only have about twenty francs in silver myself," I said, pulling out all I had to show him. "Lend me these three, and I'll give them back on the train," he said, and he took up three five-franc pieces and ran away to clear his luggage. I haven't seen him or my fifteen francs since.

Fancy going all the way from Vancouver to Brussels to be taken down by an Australian sharper! I put up my sign-board, "No money to lend."

The trip from Brussels to Ostend and across the channel to Dover was a pleasant one, except for my travelling companions rubbing it in to me about being a moneylender, a soft thing, and an old stupid, and other objectionable references, which made me seek the privacy of the top deck.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Coronation

THE great day arrived when King George went down to the Abbey to receive the crown of his fathers and the homage of his people. The city had become a city of grand stands, some of them half a mile long without a break. Every conceivable point of vantage along the route was utilised. Glass fronts had been taken out of shops and stores, and stands transformed from restaurants and toyshops. The decorations were brilliant and full of colour. Perhaps the richest of all was the heavy plush and gold of Coutts's Bank, in the Strand.

The Canadian Government had graciously provided us with two seats for the first day and four for the second, right close to Buckingham Palace, where the departure and return of the King and Queen could be seen to advantage. But there were four in our little party, and two more seats were required for the first day. All sorts of prices were demanded ; no reduction of prices took place for the first day, the route being short, so there was nothing for it but to buy the best front seats we could get, which we secured at Richmond Terrace, in Whitehall, close to the Abbey, and for which we paid the modest sum of \$130 for two seats. We had come 6,000 miles to see it, and to see it we were determined.

Right in front of where we sat were two great celebration columns of Ontario. How we wished it had been British Columbia ! Ontario and New Zealand appeared to be the only places that put the best leg forward on this great occasion.

At seven o'clock in the morning we were in our places.

The whole nation seemed to be there even at this early hour. The people passed the time in seeing the nobility driving in state to take up their places in the Abbey. Each richly-caparisoned equipage was cheered by the multitude to such a degree as its attractive appointments provoked.

Away down the line we heard tremendous cheering. It could not be the King, for the time had not arrived. As the coach approached we discovered that the uproarious cheering and applause were for the children of the King—a carriage with about half-a-dozen children. Humanity asserted itself; the human picture of these little ones bowing to one side and then the other stirred the breasts of the subjects of the King, and these wee ones received an ovation all along the line. It was a spontaneously affectionate greeting worthy of the English people, touching and expressive of the highest cordiality in human nature.

The royal progress of the King and Queen was one triumphant march from Palace to Abbey. The eight cream-coloured horses, dressed in their gold trappings, pranced along as proud as the people who lined the streets. These horses, which had done duty so long in the royal stables, were too fat for want of exercise. They were losing the rich cream colour, and were whitening with age.

While the ceremony was in course of progress in the Abbey, the streets presented the appearance of a mighty picnic party. Men and women, soldiers and citizens, spread themselves out in the streets on coats and newspapers, and partook of the food they had brought with them. Good humour and friendly badinage prevailed until the command "Attention!" ran along the miles of soldiers, and everyone was shortly in their places to welcome the newly-crowned King and Queen. And what a welcome! The sight of their majesties with crowns upon their heads set fire to the hearts of their loyal subjects, and cheers deafening and continuous rent the

air as the King and Queen smilingly acknowledged the reception.

So they passed on along the lines to Buckingham Palace, the crowned King and Queen of the greatest kingdom the world has ever known. "God Save the King" was lustily sung on stands from millions of voices as the procession passed out of view. And at Buckingham Palace, when the King and Queen appeared on the



King and Queen Crowned, Returning

balcony to show themselves before the assembled nation at the gate, such a cheer went up as spoke volumes for the intense loyalty of the English subject.

The next day's procession was a continuation of splendour and brilliancy. Andrew Fisher, the Labour Premier of the Commonwealth of Australia, headed the procession. What did this mean—the man from the workmen's ranks leading the royal procession, dressed in court dress and

cocked hat? Had it not always been asserted that danger lay in the elevation of Labour to positions of responsibility and power? The presence of Andrew Fisher goes far to inspire confidence in the democracy of the people overseas, who have placed Labour in exalted and responsible positions, showing that Labour can be just as loyal and true to King and country as the greatest noble in the kingdom.



King and Queen in Procession

Then Sir Wilfrid Laurier followed, bringing not only an expression of loyalty from the great dominion of Canada, but the loyalty and homage of the French blood, who are citizens of Canada, subjects of the King. The English people have confidence in Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and took his presence as an expression of the loyalty of the people he represents. Then, most singular and remarkable of all, followed General Botha, Premier of

South Africa, a few years ago the enemy against whom Canada and Australia joined with England in sending soldiers to conquer. What a pleasing sight to see this man bearing the homage and loyalty of the Boer race to their beloved King and Queen. "Happy are thy people, happy are those subjects who acknowledge thee as their ruler," were the sentiments of the great Boer leader.

The royal houses of all the friendly nations of the earth were represented, and received great ovations as they passed along the route. The Canadian North-West Mounted Police were heartily cheered wherever they went. When the band played "The Maple Leaf for Ever," in passing Buckingham Palace, there was a great cheer from the Canadian stand.

Wherever Lord Roberts appeared he received a warm welcome from the crowd, who cheered him because he had proved himself a great soldier. Even the wild ducks, disturbed by the booming of guns, rose from the ponds in the parks and joined in the celebrations. Quite a flock of them encircled Buckingham Palace several times. It was rather a surprise to the country folk to see wild ducks in the heart of the great city of London; but here man is the friend of the wild birds, and they are not timid in the metropolis as they are in the bush, where man and every other living thing are enemies.

The Parisians enjoyed the sight of the Coronation in Paris the same evening. Enterprising photographers had arranged for special train and boat accommodation, fitted up with dark rooms; and films were developed and dried during the journey, ready for the cinematograph at eight o'clock.

The Coronation of George V. goes down into history as the greatest celebration London ever saw. We sat at Whitehall to witness the procession almost on the spot where Charles was beheaded, in the heart of a city where kings' lives were at one time not worth very much.

The crowning act of all was at St. Paul's Cathedral,

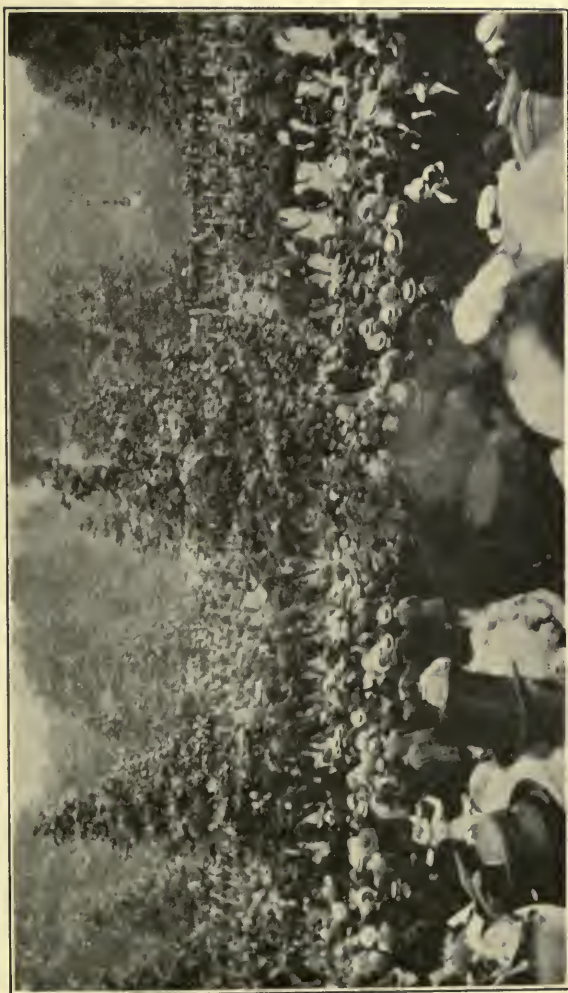


Life Guards

where, on Friday, the King and Queen, through crowded streets, passed to public worship, and England's King on bended knee acknowledged the goodness and protection of the King of Kings. England has nothing to fear in her present ruler. He is the supporter of all that is good and elevating; and the good Queen Mary is the highest type of devout womanhood. The legends on many banners of welcome displayed in the streets—"God Bless the King," "God Bless our Beloved Queen Mary," and similar expressions—came right from the hearts of the subjects. No note of discord was heard. The poor people are as loyal to the King and Queen as the richest nobleman. This is England's strength and England's glory; and, if anything, the subjects across the seas excel in loyalty.

The young Prince of Wales was an interesting figure in connection with all these celebrations. Being the heir-apparent to the throne, he, together with the Princess Mary, shared the same popular applause as their royal parents.

Vancouver, in proportion to the population, contributed her fair share of visitors. Mr. J. T. Wilkinson, better known as "Wings," arrived direct from the train just in time to see the procession start. He gave a shilling for a rickety stool, and from this point of vantage on the sidewalk saw more of the procession than those who paid \$100 for a front seat on some of the grand stands. Colonel Stuart was also there. Premier McBride I met but once—he was busy with official functions; and Attorney-General Bowser I met several times—the last at a reception given at Stafford House by the Duchess of Sutherland. The colonial visitors were entertained in the following week by Lord and Lady Northcliffe. Altogether, the overseas visitors were looked after very kindly, hospitality being showered on them from many quarters.



Canadian Soldiers

CHAPTER XVIII.

Scotland

FROM London to Edinburgh was a pleasant day's journey, through intense agricultural areas, which led one to the conclusion that this tight little country is all good farming land. This impression remained until we got to Leeds and beyond, where the stone fences took the place of nicely-cropped hedges, and we found coal and iron industries in conjunction with agriculture where the valleys are suitable, and grazing where they are too stony for cultivation. We passed through towns the names of which are familiar in the industrial world—where church steeples and chimney-stacks of factories, and furnaces and immense hillocks of earth taken from the mines, stood out against the sky-line. Here and there the turrets of a castle on some eminence peeped out through the trees. Eventually we reached Carlisle, a city of some proportions, and we were shortly afterwards in Bonnie Scotland, which we knew without being told, for the first things we saw on the bald hills and moors were the shepherds with their collie dogs taking care of small flocks of sheep and lambs; there were also the circular stone sheepfolds and shepherds' huts. The sheep were still in their wool, shearing evidently being late in Scotland. Clear-running brooks oozed from the moors, and marshy land lay on the hills as well as in the valleys. The intelligence of the Scotch sheep dog is well known the world over, and here we saw him on his natural heath obeying the signals of his master.

Edinburgh is solidly built of dark grey stones, with

slate roofs, on rather mountainous country, the streets zigzagging along the sides of the hills. Not only are the houses of stone, but the hills are of stone, the streets are of stone, the souvenirs are of stone—and these almost rendered me stony broke! So there is a stability about the place, like the stability of the Scotchmen we have met across the seas.

The great show-place of Edinburgh is the Castle, which is situated on a high cliff in the centre of the city over 400 feet high; a place with a history, a history of a thousand years, associated with names of which Scotsmen are proud—and some of which they are not proud.

We were shown the room where James I. of England was born. The Scotch are proud of the fact that they gave England the King. The date—1566—still remains marked over the door. On the wall is the following inscription in the old spelling:—

“ Lord Jesus Christ, who crowned was with thorns,
Preserve the birth qubais Badgie heir is borne,
And send his son succession to reigne still
Long in this realme, if that it be Thy will.
And grant, O Lord, whatever of his proceed
Be to Thy glorie, honor, and praise. So be it.”

In the castle yard is the oldest and smallest chapel in Scotland, “ St. Margaret’s Chapel,” sixteen feet six inches long and ten feet six inches wide. The inscription states that the castle was built by Margaret Queen of Scotland, who died June 10, 1093.

From the top of the castle we enjoyed a grand panoramic view of the country for miles around. The situation of this old castle was practically impregnable. Scotland’s last royal gems lie iron-bound in a small room—the last crown and sword and several other jewels. Edinburgh Castle is full of tragic interest; the history of Scotland is bound up with the history of the castle.

In the valley below is Holyrood Castle. Here Mary

Queen of Scots lived, and some of the rooms are left furnished almost as they were in her time. Time and climatic conditions have told upon the castle, and workmen have constantly to be replastering and repairing to maintain the older parts of the structure for historic purposes.

St. Giles's Cathedral, though not a gigantic structure, is a picturesque and striking building. As early as the ninth century there was a St. Giles's Church, and it is said the present cathedral was erected on the site where the original church stood. Here John Knox preached for the first time in 1559. He died in 1572, and his burial place is marked by a stone just outside the cathedral. The house where he lived is a little lower down the street, and we had the privilege of going through all the rooms, some of them just as they were when he died. We entered the little room in which the great preacher breathed his last; also his little study (eight feet by six feet), and we were permitted to sit on his old wooden chair—but the expected inspiration did not come. His old candle-sticks, his old Bible, his rush-light, his oil lamp, were still there. And thousands of people yearly come to this domestic shrine to breathe the spirit of the great reformer.

In St. Giles's Cathedral Queen Mary's Parliament used to sit. There we saw displayed the Scotch colours of many battles—among them those carried by the Royal Scots at Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol. In an old cemetery on the hill, near the cathedral, we were shown a monument erected by the Scotchmen to Abraham Lincoln. At the foot of the statue is a recumbent figure of a negro with hands uplifted. The day of our visit happened to be the Fourth of July, and some patriotic American had been there and placed in the hand of the negro the Stars and Stripes, which flutters in Scottish breezes o'er Edinburgh town. Lincoln's own words are inscribed upon the pedestal: "To preserve the jewel of liberty is the framework of freedom." It is also stated



Abe Lincoln Statue, Edinburgh

that the monument was erected to the memory of all Scottish-American soldiers.

A magnificent monument to Sir Walter Scott stands in Princes Street, in view of all who pass by. The house in which he lived was pointed out to us. There he wrote many of the Waverley Novels, including *Guy Mannering*, which is the one most impressed upon my mind. Edinburgh also has monuments to Burns, to Simpson (who discovered or perfected chloroform), and to others whose names are written in Scotland's history.

As I leisurely walked along the Waverley railway station, awaiting our train for the Trossachs, I was seized roughly by the arm and swung around. "Here's more trouble," I thought, "in this land of Scotch thistles and Bobbie Burns." When the ruffian had permitted me to see his face, none other I discovered than Mr. Allen, the restaurant millionaire of Vancouver. "Let's shake," I said, and we shook hands most cordially. So he joined our party to the "Trossachs," and a jolly party we were.

We left Edinburgh, and skimmed along past hay farms and potato crops. All around us the country was pretty. We passed Stirling, on the hill above which is situated the old Stirling Castle, from which seven ancient battlefields can be seen—Cambuskenneth, in 843; Stirling Bridge, in 1297 (between Wallace and the English); Bannockburn, in 1314; Sauchie Burn (where James II. was killed), 1488; Sheriffmuir, in 1715; and Falkirk, where two battles took place—one in 1298, and the other during the Rebellion in 1746.

No wonder it is called "Historical Stirling." James VI. received his education there, and it was the home of Queen Mary in her young days.

A little bit of Canadian history is interwoven with that of Stirling. Close to the castle is a mansion of the sixteenth century, Argyll House, built by Sir William Alexander, poet and statesman. He was created Earl of



Aberfoyle, at the Foot of the Trossachs

Stirling, Viscount of Canada. King Charles I. gave him a grant of land in Nova Scotia, and there he founded a colony at his own expense. The house passed to the Duke of Argyll. The first and second Dukes of Argyll were beheaded in Edinburgh. John Knox preached in Stirling on the occasion of the coronation of James VI. The place is identified with the greatest events in Scottish history.

However, we did not delay to dive into past history, as we were intent upon the glories of nature; and, parting company with the iron horse at Aberfoyle, we betook ourselves to the coaches in waiting for us. We begun at once to ascend in slow, zigzag fashion, and eventually got a glorious view of Scotland's principal battlefields, the valley of the Forth, and the Campsie Hills.

We were then in what is known as Rob Roy country, the land of the Macgregors, amid the scenes of the exploits of the outlaw, where Sir Walter Scott found the setting and characters for his novel *Rob Roy*.

Another mountain drive from Stronachlachar to Inversnaid brought us down to famous Loch Lomond. Again Canada comes into Scottish history, for here the dauntless Wolfe, who fell at Quebec, commanded the fort of Inversnaid. Rob Roy's cave was only a mile away; but time did not permit of our walking the distance to see it. On our way, the ruins of the old home of the Macgregors were pointed out to us, and we followed the route of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. In our glorious trip up Loch Lomond we passed by the old country home of Sir Walter Scott. The house could be plainly seen from the boat.

We did not wonder that these beauties of nature inspired men of poetic genius and romantic spirit to weave into verse and prose the doings of the outlaw, of brave men and women, of the quarrels and hand-to-hand battles of the clansmen. Magnify these lochs and hills many times, add majesty and extent, invest with mineral wealth

and hill-side fertility, and you will be reminded of British Columbia, which, in her Okanagan and Kootenay country, possesses a Trossach and loch country of her own greater in magnitude and extent, but without centuries of history, of poetry and song, and of bloodshed and battle. The history of the lochs and hills of British Columbia is in the making—railway building, orchard planting, mining operations—hard matter-of-fact work, in which there is no poetry or romance to engage the attention of her Macgregors, Maclarens, Wallaces, and Bruces. Her lines are laid in pleasant places.

We were rudely awakened from poetic reverie as we left Loch Lomond, the "Queen of Scottish Lochs," and landed at Balloch Pier. For we were entering the industrial areas around Glasgow, the commercial metropolis of Scotland, the second city in the kingdom. The big Exhibition was absorbing the attention of her citizens and their visitors. Perhaps we expected too much, or had been led to believe we were to see a great national Exposition, for we found it much more limited than we expected. The scheme, however, was promoted to raise funds for the endowment of a chair of Scottish History and Literature in the Glasgow University; and naturally the important sections of the exhibition were concerned with art, science, and literature, the best exhibit being the picture gallery, where there was a collection of the great masters. Another very interesting building was that containing the baby incubators. There we saw a dozen infants in the glass incubators, weighing from one and a-half pounds up to bouncing big babies fit to go out into the world. The exhibit was arranged in the interests of medical science, and lectures were given periodically on the management of the institution. The usual "skid road" or "midway" was there, and well patronised, for the Scotch enjoy their bit of fun.

Although Glasgow has some romantic history, it is now purely a progressive city of business, and does not

come into the same category as Edinburgh as a show place for the tourist. Vancouver might, in the interest of King Horse, follow the example of Glasgow in providing foothold for the dumb animal on the upside of the steep streets, leaving a wide rail road, a foot wide, for each wheel of the vehicle. It is a humane piece of street construction.

“Consider yourself under arrest, young man!” said an official from behind me, at the same time tapping me on the shoulder, while I was behaving myself quite orderly on the main street of Glasgow. The shock was momentary, for I was beginning to understand the funny peculiarities of Vancouver’s citizens. This time it was Mr. C. W. Ford, who, with Mrs. Ford, was enjoying a holiday in Scotland, and who gave us a cordial greeting.

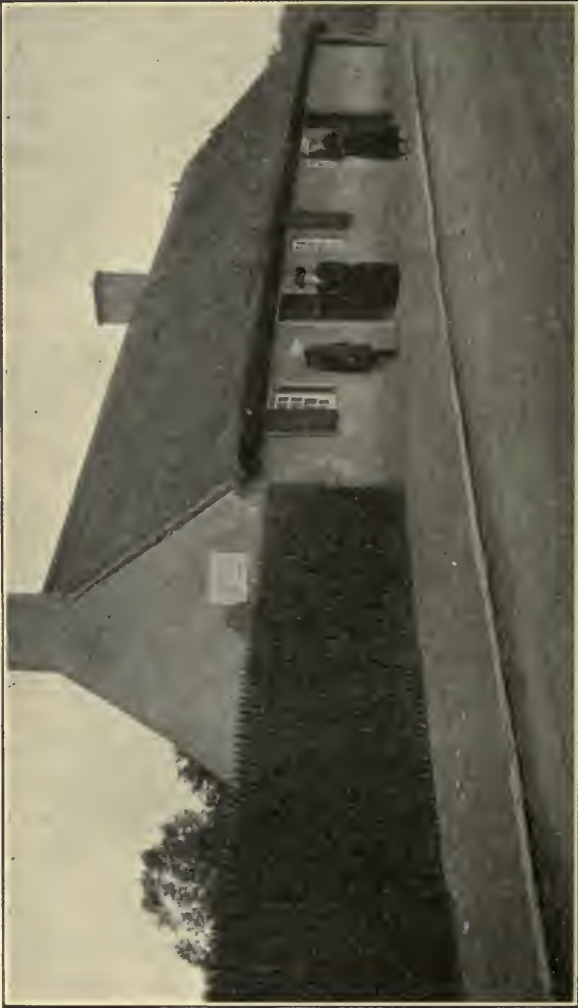
In leaving Glasgow we passed Paisley, once famed for the Paisley shawl our mothers and grandmothers wore, but which has now gone out of date. A Paisley shawl is almost as much a rarity in Paisley as it is in any other part of the world. Now Paisley is the home of the thread-making industry; here are the establishments of firms whose names are household words the world over on reels of cotton and thread.

Crookston Castle—or rather the remains of it—were pointed out to us. Here it was that Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley spent their honeymoon; here Mary held her first court, and from here she disastrously fled to England.

We passed more smoke-stacks, and many places where chemical works and iron industries flourish; and then we halted at Kilwinning, a place well known to Freemasons. Here is the oldest Freemasons’ lodge in existence, having authentic records in its possession. The welcome of the brethren of the mystic tie was warm and hearty, and I spent a pleasant time in looking over the old lodge which has such a history. Bobbie Burns, an ardent Freemason, visited this lodge from time to time, and I was shown a

letter from him apologising for his absence from a meeting to which he had been invited. I bore the hearty greetings from this Kilwinning lodge to the Kilwinning lodge at Vancouver, in response to those I was the bearer of from Vancouver Lodge, Kilwinning, and Mr. Porteous-Jack, originally of Kilwinning. I had the pleasure of meeting the Master of this old lodge, Colonel Pearson, who is also Grand Master of the province of Ayrshire. He is a military man, and intends to visit Vancouver at the first opportunity. Mr. Jack McQueen, the Deputy Master, and Mr. George Jack are true specimens of the Scotch Freemasons, full of hospitality and kindness. They were much concerned that our stay should be so short after coming so far to see them. So we promised that in a year or so we would return and spend a week with them in this quaint old Scotch village. They wanted the little lassies to stay quite a while with them. We passed the place where Wallace was born, and where he began his career by getting into a quarrel with three Englishmen, killing them, and subsequently fleeing to the north.

The places around there are full of history, but we confined ourselves to that of Burns. The old cottage where he was born, 150 years ago, still stands at Alloway, with its whitewashed walls and thatched roof. The old kitchen and living room are unique in their antiquarian lay-out. Under the same roof is the cow-byre and the root-house. Let those who are inclined to despise their lowly origin come here and view the birthplace of genius—a place held sacred by the Scotch people, and where fifty thousand people come annually to visit the spot where Burns was born, among them the greatest from all lands. Alongside was erected a museum containing an early edition of Burns's poems, for which the trustees paid \$5,000; the Burns family Bible, for which they paid \$8,500; the poet's desk, for which they paid \$3,000. Across the way, on the banks of the Doon,



Bobbie Burns's Cottage, Ayr

overlooking the brig where Tam O'Shanter's mare lost her tail—

“The carlin clautht her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump”—

a monument was erected by the many Burns clubs over the world. The ruins of the old Alloway kirk, referred to in Burns's poems, are in sight of the cottage. A tombstone marks the resting-place of his father, William Burns, and Agnes Burns, his mother. The tombstone bears the well-known inscription :—

“O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend.
Here lies the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the generous friend.”

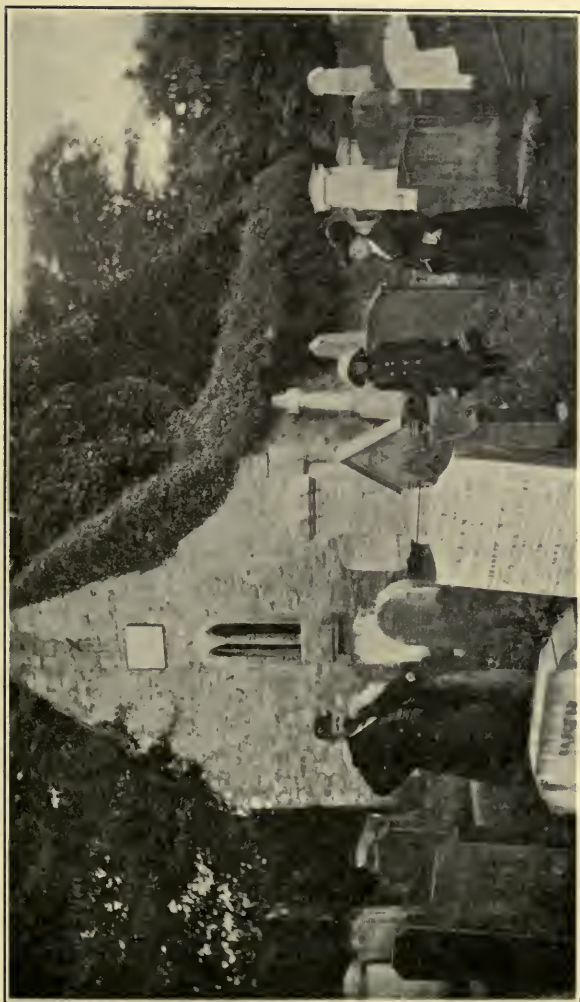
An old Scotch soldier with a wooden leg was in charge of the old churchyard. He takes a great pride in the historic old place, and he recited whole yards of Burns in the Scotch lingo. Especially in “Tam O'Shanter” did he warm up to his question, for as he came to each incident he pointed out the place on the spot referred to in the poem. To one who has heard other Scotsmen recite Burns, it became intensely absorbing to have these poems recited on the actual ground to which they related.

We called in at the old Tam O'Shanter Inn, and were conducted upstairs to the room where Bobbie Burns was wont to frequent—a low-ceiling room, with the rough beams almost touching our heads. “Sit in Burns's chair,” said the bonnie Scotch lassie to Mrs. Miller. The invitation was cheerfully obeyed, and a great Scotch laugh from the lassie showed that something was up. “You've got to stand 'em—that's the penalty.” And the missus had to stand drinks all round, just as they used to with Bobby Burns, Tam O'Shanter, and Souter Johnny.

We walked over the old brig, now closed to vehicular



The River Deon



The Old Kirk, Alloway

traffic—a narrow construction of solid masonry just wide enough for one vehicle. It was immortalised in a poem of Burns, wherein the old brig is made to ridicule the new brig a short distance up the Doon:—

“ Conceited gowk ! puffed up wi’ windy pride !
This mony a year I’ve stood the flood an’ tide ;
And tho’ wi’ crazy eild I’m sair forfairn,
I’ll be a brig when ye’re a shapeless cairn.”

So we went out with Burns, spending a very pleasant and enjoyable day on “Ye Banks and Braes o’ Bonnie Doon.”



The Auld Brig at Ayr

CHAPTER XIX.

Ireland

IRELAND is easily discernible from the coast of Scotland. We crossed the Irish Channel from Stranrear to Larne in about an hour and a half on the *Princess May*, a little boat not so pretentious or commodious as her namesake on the Pacific coast. The name recalled the fact that old *Princess May* was the only ship that ever made me do simple addition crossing Queen Charlotte Sound.

Our train was in waiting at Larne, and an hour's run brought us to Belfast, which appears to be a quiet little town, poorly lit up, but seemingly happy and satisfied with its lot. In reality it is a city of over 300,000 inhabitants, with vast docks and shipping. We went by train across the north of Ireland through Portadown and Armagh to the country whence I draw my Irish blood, for there it was that the mother of the Millers was born.

There we met the Hon. Mr. Duff and Mrs. Duff, of the agricultural department of Canada, doing the north of Ireland in an automobile. They asked kindly after Vancouver, where last year they spent a very pleasant holiday. Friends of ex-Alderman McBride and Robert McBride, of South Vancouver, inquired after their health, and we found that Vancouver was well known in this north of Ireland village. We drove around in a jaunting car by the narrow country roads with stone fences on either side, and spent a restful day at Armagh. We were in the land of the Ballys—Ballybrophy, Ballymena, Ballygarney, Ballibay, Ballinamard, Ballygawley, Ballynallunch, Ballywilly, Ballymurray, Ballyconnell, Ballyhaunis, Ballycastle, and a hundred other Ballys. The



A Street in Armagh

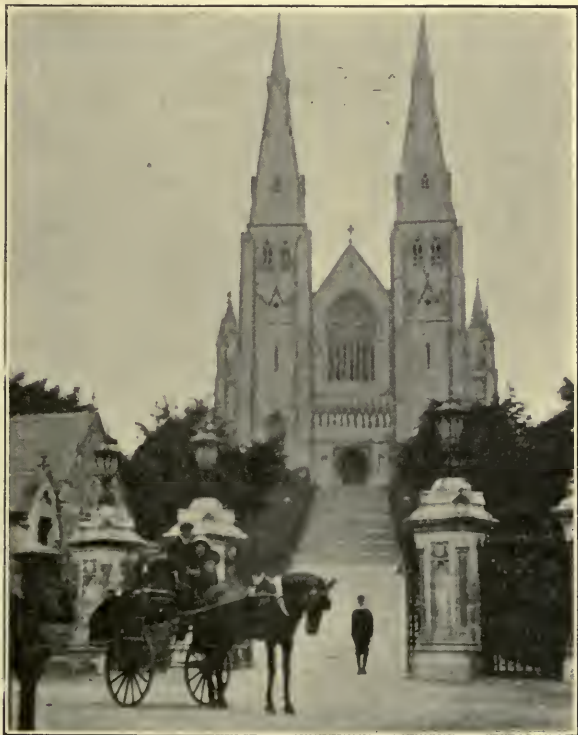
little farms on the hillsides had their whitewashed cottages, their donkey and their goats, and now and again we caught sight of the gentleman what pays the rent—the pig. In nearly all cases he is white.



An Irish Cottage

We descended from the hill country on to level pasture and farming lands, where we again sighted the sea. An uneventful run across the Boyne water brought us to Dublin, the capital of Ireland, a city of no mean pretensions. On the day of our visit it was doing honour to its

King and Queen in a way that did honour to itself. The city was one blaze of colour ; a public holiday was celebrated, and her people were dressed in their best clothes. No part of His Majesty's dominions could have extended to him a more cordial or whole-hearted reception than he was there receiving.



Roman Catholic Cathedral, Armagh

We visited the old Irish Houses of Parliament, which are now occupied as a counting-house by the Bank of Ireland. The old chamber of the House of Lords is kept just as it was at the time of its occupancy by the Lords, with its long table down the centre of the hall, and its



Landscape, North of Ireland

leather upholstered benches around the walls. The pictures on the walls are just the same. One huge, notable picture is that of the Battle of the Boyne, with King William on his white horse in the front of the battle. It is hand-worked in tapestry. Outside the building, opposite the Trinity College, stand statues of Gratton, Burke, and Oliver Goldsmith.

Dublin Castle was interesting to us, as it was occupied



Phoenix Park

by the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary. Trinity College, whence so many brilliant colonials have graduated, stands right in the heart of the city, opposite the old Parliament House. St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the Royal family worshipped, is of fine architecture; and the visitor is well repaid for a few minutes' inspection spared in a hurried tour of the city.

Phoenix Park, situated just outside the city, has an area of no less than 1,700 acres, and has the appearance of being a huge Australian cattle station, for mobs of steers and bullocks, as well as hundreds of deer, are to be seen grazing everywhere. This is the method adopted for keeping the herbage closely cropped, as well as providing a source of income.



Daniel O'Connell's Monument

The cemetery at Glasnevin is the last resting-place of the remains of many great men. The most conspicuous monument is that of Daniel O'Connell, 150 feet high; the base is open, and visitors can walk in and view the coffin which contains the remains of the Irish patriot. The body of Parnell lies a little distance further on, the spot being marked by a plain black cross; and the name "Parnell" in evergreens grows upon the plot.

In response to my inquiry why Ireland did not erect a befitting monument over the statesman's resting-place, I learnt that it was the wish of the deceased that no monument be erected over him until Home Rule had been won for his country. So his behest has been obeyed awaiting the consummation of his desire. A very fine monument was erected to his memory in Sackville Street.



Parnell's Grave

For an exuberant, youthful, dirty population give me Cork in Ireland, and Edinburgh in Scotland. Dublin comes only third. "Dog" has a place in the hearts of the Irish. Outside the door of some hotels, and even private houses, a large bowl of water is placed in hot weather for the thirsty animals. The Museum contains a good collection; a great many casts of historic sculpture being utilised in the show. Here we saw large kegs of petrified

butter, which had been discovered after hundreds of years in some of the bogs of Ireland. The bog oak, preserved for centuries in peat bogs, is utilised for walking-sticks, pipes, shillelaghs, and trinkets—souvenirs of the country.

After visiting Dublin we turned towards the south, where lies the "Garden of Eden"—Kilkenny, Cork, Limerick, Tipperary, Killaloe, Blarney, the charming River Shannon, and the Lakes of Killarney—all names familiar in poetry



After the Pennies, Edinburgh

and song. We passed by some immense peat bogs; large quantities of peat were cut out and exposed to the sun to dry for winter use. The country for some distance appeared to be passable farming land, until we approached the kingdom of Kerry, when we entered mountain country, in the centre of which are situated the far-famed lakes of Killarney. The old town is a picturesque Irish place, with old-fashioned buildings and shops and narrow streets.



Weir Bridge, Killarney

In the middle of the street we saw the town pump from which the Irish women draw the water. The streets were lined with donkey-carts, driven by farmers' wives, milk boys, and tradesmen—in fact, most of the local transportation is done by the donkey. Milking-cows and goats were driven down the main street, making a curious medley with tourist coaches, sociables, and jaunting cars.



Lakes at Killarney

We drove down to the ruins of Ross Castle, on the banks of the lower lake. From there we obtained a glorious view of Killarney Lower Lake. Boatmen were in waiting for us; and for three hours they pulled us across lakes, under stone bridges, past rapids, from one lake to another, along narrow waterways with grassy and mossy banks, till we reached the end of the lakes.

These Irish watermen kept us amused with their

natural wit and humour. "Is this water good to drink?" asked my wife. "Yes, ma'am, St. Patrick killed all the microscopes." "What is that big building on the side of the mountain?" asked another. "Government Hotel, ma'am." "Government Hotel?" "Yes, ma'am; police-station." (Uproarious laughter.) "What is this pump for?" asked Florence, surprised at seeing a pump at the head of the lake with no houses near. "When there's



Ross Castle, Killarney

no perspiration from the hills," said this Irish wit, "we fill the lakes from the pump." (Ironical laughter.) A sudden gust of wind coming from nowhere nearly took our hats and umbrellas into the lake. "Where did that wind come from?" queried the philosopher of the party. "By Gorra, some Irishman has just blown his brains out." And so the young Irishmen kept us in roars of laughter all the time.

Half a hundred mountain ponies were awaiting our arrival, and we were nearly torn limb from limb by the Irish boys competing for our patronage. I carefully preserved snapshots of Mrs. Miller and the elder ladies on their mounts, by which I hoped to derive revenue from a Grandview audience. From the mountain-side, up which we zig-zagged, we had a magnificent view of



Bridge Ruin, Killarney

the great Black Valley and the McGillicuddy's Reeks and Carran Tual, the highest peak in Ireland. Passing down the other side, we had a grand panoramic view of Kerry farms lying away out at the foot of the ranges. We traversed the narrow rocky defile, past the "Wishing Bridge," which no horseman or horsewoman must pass without drawing rein and wishing (which always comes true). Then we passed St. Patrick's little rockbound

lake into which he threw the last of the serpents of Ireland, and so banished them for ever. And so on down the mountain till we reached the cottage of Kate Kearney, nestling in the peaceful valley at the foot of the gap.

“Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney;
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.”



The Meeting of the Waters, Killarney

This was where Tom Moore received inspiration for the well-known Irish song. The cottage has been made into a show-place for the tourist. Here we regaled ourselves, after our long ride, with tea, lemonade, and milk; and the pretty Irish damsel said to me aside: “Will ye be havin’ a drap of ‘mountain dew’ wid yer milk?” I never tasted better milk in my life! God bless the little Kerry cow that gave such rich mountain dew.



The Gap of Dunloe



St. Patrick's Lake, Killarney

“ Oh, should you e’er meet Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.”

The following days were spent in drives around the lakes and through the lordly estates of Kenmare and Aghadoe.

The scenery reminded me of Stanley Park, without the salt water boundaries and the big trees. We had instead soft-water lakes and a riot of wild profusion of holly-trees, rhododendrons, laurel, elm and beech trees and oaks, hundreds of years old. We in British Columbia cultivate the holly and the rhododendrons with care; here there are miles and miles of woods around the lakes, where they flourish in their natural state as undergrowth to the heavier woods. The clinging ivy runs right to the tops of the trees, healthy in its natural surroundings.

There is a beautiful spot at the meeting of the waters of the several lakes, near the cottage where once Queen Victoria spent a holiday in the early days of her reign. The poet caught the inspiration when he wrote:—

“ By Killarney’s lakes and fells,
Emerald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and wooded dells,
Memory ever fondly stays.
Beauteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Footprints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there.
Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the west.
Beauty’s home, Killarney ;
Heaven’s reflex, Killarney.”

On the top of a hill overlooking the lake stand the ruins of Muckross Abbey, founded in 1330, in the principedom of South Munster, ruled over by Donal MacCarthy Mor, a warrior chief. He died in 1348, and

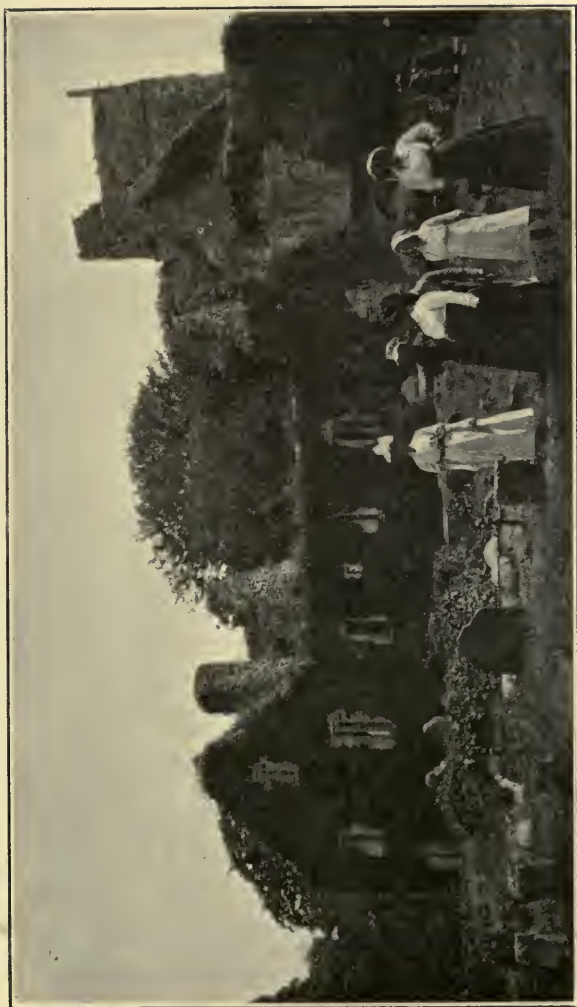


Arriving at Kate Kearney's Cottage

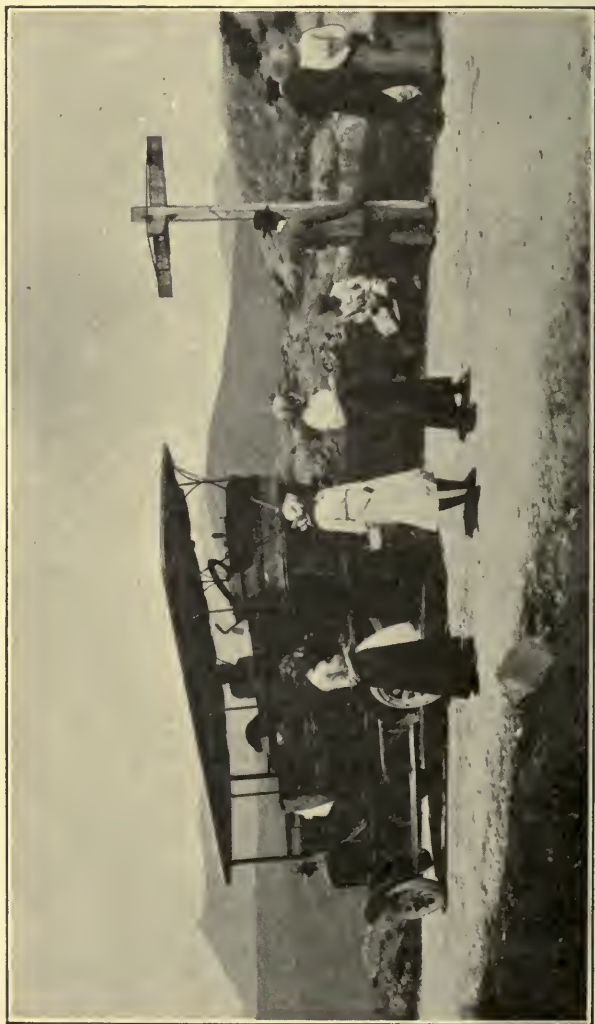
his tomb is here. Here also lie the O'Sullivan Mors and the O'Donoghues. Romantic and tragic history is associated with this quiet Eden of the tourist. About 1590 there took place in this abbey at midnight a marriage which Queen Elizabeth did her best to prevent. Horance McCarthy Reagh, chief of Carberry, and Aileen MacCarthy, daughter of Donal MacCarthy Mor, were united in marriage against the will of the Queen; and the marriage was treated as an act of treason by the Queen. Few, says the historian, were the witnesses of that marriage, that in other and happier times would have gathered together the princes and chiefs of Erin. The four present were O'Sullivan Mor, the Countess of Clancare, MacFinian, and Lady Una O'Leary. The friar who performed the ceremony was MacCarthy Mors, chaplain, who in the days of Henry VIII. was expelled from the same abbey at the point of the sword.

Away out on the hills in the opposite direction from the abbey there stand on the heights of Aghadoe the ruins of an old church, said to have been established in the sixth century. From the front of these old ruins we enjoyed the grandest view of all. We saw the lakes dotted with islands, the MacGillicuddy Ranges and the Purple Mountains in the distance; the little town of Killarney in the valley, with its cathedral and church towers, and on the left the deer park and grounds of the Earl of Kenmare, and the landscape dotted with the peasant homes of the Irish farmer:—

“ No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints ;
Every rock that you pass by
Verdure broiders or besprints.
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every morn springs natal day,
Bright-hued berries daft the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away,
Angels often pausing there,



Muckross Abbey



Between Killarney and Glenáariff

Doubt if Eden were more fair—
Beauty's home, Killarney ;
Heaven's reflex, Killarney."

We could have spent a month easily at Killarney, but the boat was waiting at Liverpool for us on the 22nd, and time would not permit us to linger "by Killarney's lakes and fells, emerald isles, and winding bays." By



Fuchsia Hedge, Glengariff

motor coach we travelled to Glengariff, a distance of seventy miles.

In a lovely spot on the top of one of these rocky hills we paused to view the grandeur of the scenery, and an old lady with the appearance of a witch appeared to bless us if we would only cross her palm with silver. "How

old are you, Granny?" asked Florence. "Four score years and five, and I have never been away from this spot. I was born within a mile of where you stand." We took a snapshot of our bewitching friend; and, having crossed her palm, received showers of blessings from St. Patrick and the holy angels. We passed on, feeling better already.

Kenmare, further along, is a quaint old village of about



Irish Jaunting Car

1,000 inhabitants, the home of the spinner and wool worker. An old lady was seen at the wheel in the street, and gave us an exhibition of her manufacture. She receives her remuneration by the sale of postcards picturing herself at work at the wheel. The peasants' wives bring to the village great rolls of homespun of their own growth and manufacture. We could not resist

risking the customs officer on our return to Canada in order to have a suit of Kenmare homespun away with us. The homespuns of this little village have the reputation of being the best in the world.

We found Glengariff on Bantry Bay, the best harbour in the United Kingdom. Here the warships were occupied in target practice. The drives around Glengariff are almost equal to those of Killarney. The rhododen-



Aged Spinner, Kenmare

drons, if anything, are more luxurious ; the trunks of the holly trees are, some of them, a foot in diameter.

Here the delicate and beautiful fuchsia grows almost wild. There are miles of fuchsia fences closely cropped ; there are fuchsia trees twenty feet high, loaded at this time of the year with their delicately constructed petals. We were told that here and on the Isle of Man the

fuchsia grows to greatest perfection ; it was a matter of astonishment to us, who grow the plant in flower-pots in our conservatories. Those who love the holly, the laurel, the May tree, the rhododendrons, and the fuchsia should come to Southern Ireland to see them all in their wild and natural profusion. It is a feast for sore eyes.

In our peregrinations we met people from all parts of



Glengariff Castle

the world enjoying a holiday in this Eden of the south. One day we met Dr. Geddes and his family from Kelowna, B.C., touring in a motor car, enraptured with the beauties of Ireland. "At the same time," said the doctor, "the Kootenay country isn't beaten yet."

Bantry Bay in the seventeenth century was notorious as the resort of the law-breaker. Brandy Island, where a fight took place with smugglers, stands in the nook of

the bay. The shipload of brandy captured from the smugglers was landed at Brandy Island. The scene has changed. To-day the only brandy smuggled is in the flask of the tourist. We rechristened it "Ginger Ale" Island in token of the beverage we picnicked upon.

Cork has a fine harbour, a fine river, a fine surrounding agricultural county, and a fine old ecclesiastical, com-



Old Fortification, Glengarriff

mercial, and political history. The place is well equipped with churches and cathedrals. One of the most picturesque is the Protestant church of St. Anne's, Shandon, which possesses a famous chime of bells, and which has a remarkable steeple, two sides being built of white limestone and two sides of red sandstone. The poet has said in reference thereto :—

“Party coloured, like its people,
Red and white stands Shandon steeple.”

The bells that chime so sweetly have been celebrated in a poem by Father Prout, one verse of which runs thus:—

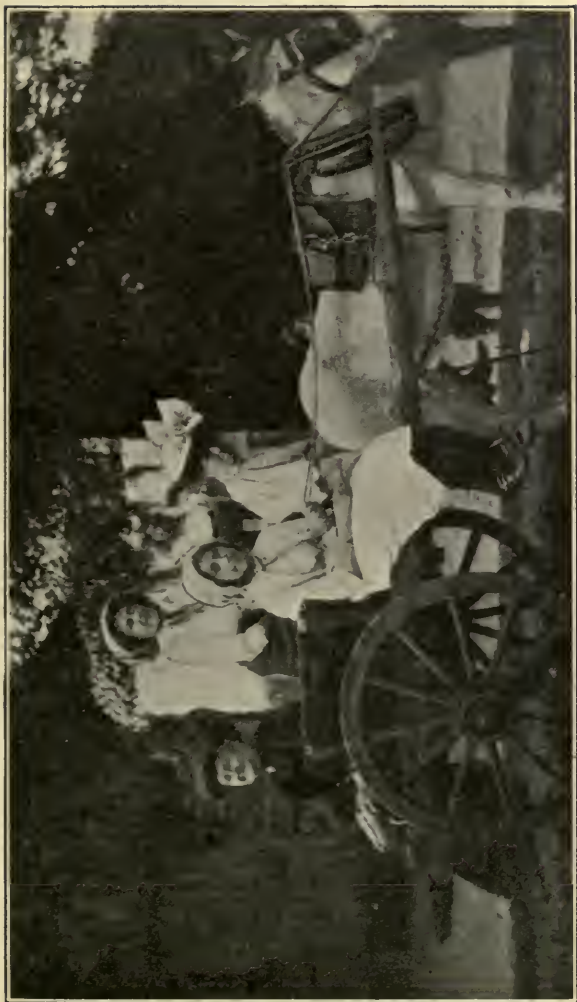
“On this I ponder
Where’er I wander,
And thus grow fonder



Blarney Castle, Cork

Sweet Cork of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters on
The river Lee.”

The “Blarney Stone” is situated near the top of the old ruin of Blarney Castle, six miles from Cork. It is the



An Outing at Killarney

sill of a projection over a window, and the manner of kissing it in old times was by the daring feat of hanging over the old wall on the outside, the feet of the kisser being held firmly by his friends above. If his friends weakened their hold, it meant a fall of fifty feet. But the performance became dangerous as the ruins advanced in decay, and the modern way of kissing the "Blarney Stone" is by lying upon the back, while the friends run the body out under the window sill until sufficiently projected for the "patient" to kiss the stone. A very strong element of danger is even associated with this method. How our party "kissed the Blarney Stone" was shown in Vancouver by picture and screen. The poet writing of the beauties of the surroundings of Blarney says :—

"There is a stone there that whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent :
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a member of Parliament ;
A clever spouter he'll soon turn out, or
An out-and-outer to be let alone.
Don't hope to hinder him or to bewilder him ;
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

With a warm affection for the south of Ireland we turned towards Dublin, to catch our ferry across to Liverpool for our Atlantic liner on July 22. Our message to all the "boys" was: "Come out to the new country, where you will have bigger opportunities, in a bigger country, that will give you bigger minds and make of you 'bigger men.'" And many of them are coming, feeling assured of a hearty welcome in the new provinces of the Greater Britain.

CHAPTER XX.

On the Home Run

LIVERPOOL! Who has not heard of Liverpool, the great port of Great Britain, into and out of which thousands of vessels sail annually, and which is used as a synonym in so many countries—"Vancouver, the Liverpool of the Pacific Coast," "Sydney, the Liverpool of Australia," and so on? Old Liverpool, out of which so many hundreds of thousands of hopeful and buoyant hearts have sailed to seek fortunes in new lands!

Our vessel conveyed from Liverpool a number of new settlers for Canada; and we were witnesses of the severance of domestic ties, sacred to all.

Liverpool boasts of a population of half-a-million, gigantic railway-stations and shipping-docks, massive public and city buildings, numberless industries, good electric car and ferry services, and quite a respectable display of statuary. In a central position near the water-front a magnificent statue of Victoria the Good stands; and in front of the railway-station are the statues of the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria, mounted on horse-back. The Queen is represented in her young days, in a close-fitting riding-habit, rather unique in its character. With bared head stands the great Jew Prime Minister, Beaconsfield—the only one statue of him I saw in the United Kingdom, though there are several others, including one in London, I believe.

The people were busy, business was good; the trade of the port grows year by year, and Liverpool citizens are satisfied with their lot. Time and circumstances did not permit of excursions into the residential and industrial suburbs, or even a run to Manchester, the great home of

industry—which is, we were told, a suburb of Liverpool. The “circumstances” which did not permit of it were those over which we had no control, for an acute attack of ptomaine poisoning, or something of that character, laid me low, necessitating the services of Dr. Swanson, who demonstrated that nauseous medicine could be had in Liverpool as well as anywhere else.



Albert Monument, Liverpool

Circumstances were, however, controlled in time to enable us to board our boat on the evening of July 22. The *Megantic* of the White Star Line is a fine sea-going vessel of nearly 15,000 tons, and carried a full passenger-list. Instead of going south *via* Fishguard and Queens-town, we went round the north of Ireland, and then bore direct for the Straits of Belle Isle below Labrador to enter the St. Lawrence.

We had a conglomerate mixture of passengers, many returning from the Coronation. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. H. Waldon, of South Vancouver, and Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, who had been taking in the sights. There was also a party of Americans—typical Americans. They were a jovial set; you could hear their loud voices and hearty laughs above all others. They



Victoria Monument, Liverpool

never missed a meal. One young fellow had four bloaters, four chunks of plaice, and a plate of bacon and eggs, and three cups of tea for his breakfast one morning. Their tall yarns were worth listening to. The corn they grow in Georgia is twenty feet high, and they pick the cobs off by means of a ladder. Absolute truth!

They had heard of Vancouver. "That's the place where they have fogs," said one. "A man's house fell

down when the sun came out, for he had nailed the shingles on to the fog." "That's the place where it never stops raining, and you go up and down the main street in boats." I succeeded in removing some of the false impressions. They ultimately got back to their 25lb. mangolds and 18lb. turnips and 9ft. 6in. rye and 20ft. cornstalks. They had seen England and the English, and they wouldn't live in England in such a small way in such an out-of-date fashion for all the tea in China.

Word got around that we had a party of Mormons on board. A Mormon bringing some more wives out from England! Everyone wanted to see this profligate of a Mormon. My girls, anxious among the rest, asked a lady to point him out. "He's a big, repulsive-looking man, wearing a heavy overcoat and a slouched hat. I'll show you"; and they walked the deck until she spotted him. "There he is, leaning over the rail, looking out to sea." The girls were convulsed, for the supposed Mormon was no other than their own unsuspecting daddy, who had been wondering why he was the cynosure of all eyes. So I had again to remove false impressions, by locating the real Mormon and placing myself in a proper light. The real Mormon was armed with a Bible, and supported his creed by Scriptural teachings. He was quite prepared to meet in discussion anyone who cared to enter into the question with him.

The usefulness of wireless telegraphy was markedly demonstrated as we approached the coast of Labrador. The *Virginian*, with the Premier of British Columbia, the Hon. Richard McBride, on board, was one day ahead of us, and they wired us that they were in a dense fog, all among the icebergs. Fortunately for us, the fog had lifted considerably on the following day, and we came through without much delay, the foghorn blowing continually whenever we passed through a fog-bank—not to warn the icebergs, but other vessels.



Looking out for Icebergs

Until we neared the shores of Labrador, north of Newfoundland, we did not sight the icebergs. Very pretty, in their marble whiteness in the sunshine, did they appear. We passed through quite an archipelago of them, all sizes. The captain graciously took the vessel alongside one gigantic cathedral-looking monster, in order that the passengers might get a close view and take snapshots. They were all shapes and sizes—some like a white rock island, with steep, unclimbable steps; some cone-shaped, like little white island hills; others like great cathedrals and white marble buildings, their surfaces corrugated, rugged, and uneven.

On entering the Gulf of Belle Isle, we left them behind; and with the shores of Labrador on one side of us and those of Newfoundland on the left, a moderate sea beneath us and a clear sky overhead, we entered the last lap of our voyage on our run along the gulf to meet the swift waters of the St. Lawrence.

After passing through the straits we lost sight of land in the extensive Gulf of St. Lawrence; and thus we travelled all day long, as if we were upon the high seas once more, until we came to Anticosti Island. The citadel of Quebec was sighted on our right, and we were at once interested in this picturesque, historical, and commanding picture. Just at the back of the city lie the Plains of Abraham, where fell the dauntless Wolfe. A monument is erected to his memory on the spot where he fell. While the Englishmen are proud of their countryman's bravery, they forget not to honour the memory of an equally brave soldier, the gallant and resourceful General Montcalm, for there in Quebec, overlooking the St. Lawrence, was erected a stone monument to the joint memory of the two illustrious soldiers.

The great Quebec bridge disaster of three or four years ago was still fresh in our minds. We saw some of the remains of the steel work protruding from the water, and quite a quantity on the bank which had been salvaged.

Written into history is the fact that the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, lived in Quebec for several years as commander of the Seventh Fusiliers. We were shown the old house in which he lived. King Edward, as Prince of Wales, also visited Quebec in his young days; and his brother, the Duke of Connaught, who came lately



Sir John A. McDonald Monument, Montreal

as Governor-General of nearly eight million Canadians, served there with his regiment in 1870.

The great hotel on the top of the cliffs, the Chateau Frontenac, is a modern palace of comfort and hospitality—just the place where the tourist can leisurely enjoy a week or two in the cradle-land of Canada.



South African Monument, Montreal

From Quebec to Montreal the trip up the St. Lawrence was one never to be forgotten. Our great 15,000-ton liner ploughed her way up stream with one thousand lives upon her decks, from the old land to the new. The majesty of the river made a striking contrast with the Thames, the Seine, and the Clyde.

The extensive areas of farm and grazing lands stretching away from the banks; the homesteads along the way; the towns, with their church steeples, every few miles—such is the introduction of the newcomer to Canada, and it makes him realise the bigness of this new country. Everything will seem to him as big as this mighty stream: three thousand miles of steel rails to the other side of this big country; big prairie wheat-fields to cross; big lakes, small oceans in themselves, inland feeders for the ocean highways of commerce; great rocky mountains and mountain rivers.

“Yes,” I said to a fellow-passenger, “we want millions of big men for this big country, men with big hearts and big ideas.” “Well,” he said, “there’s thirty-six feet of us coming out to tackle it.” He and his five sons, all over six feet high, had come from the Manchester district, probably to grow fruit in the Okanagan country.

Montreal, the largest city in the Dominion, wore an air of prosperity. Everyone seemed to be busy. There were no unemployed; municipal and public works were going on apace, building and commercial development proceeding hand in hand. The extent of stone buildings reminded us of Edinburgh, though bricks and reinforced concrete were competing with stone for popularity. After seeing the city and its most important show-places, we left it for the best trip of all, to the Thousand Islands. We took the train up the river for one hundred miles, stayed overnight at the little town of Clayton, in the United States, and at seven o’clock the next morning we caught the boat from Toronto to Montreal. From the word “Go” until seven o’clock in the evening, when we drew into

dock at Montreal, the day was one which excelled all the others in our travels. We had done the Okanagan and Arrow Lakes of British Columbia, the Trossachs and the mountain lakes of Scotland, the pretty lakes of Killarney in Ireland; but nothing we had ever experienced could touch this one hundred-mile run down the St. Lawrence. From Clayton to Brockville we threaded



Jacques Cartier Monument, Montreal

our way through islands which number in the fifty-mile run no fewer than 1,670, although the location is termed "The Thousand Islands." They are all of solid rock, and, strange to say, almost all covered with trees and undergrowth, so that they present a pretty appearance. Many of these islands are owned by wealthy New York

residents. Palatial residences have been erected on them, also miniature fortifications, and gardens and lawns laid out. These islands carry a large population in the summer months. Pleasure craft in myriads ply the waters. Evening parties are frequently made up, and thread their way among the islands with the aid of searchlights. Large hotels provide accommodation for the tourist. There is no difficulty in discerning the



One of the Thousand Islands

United States territory from the Canadian. The Stars and Stripes float from every island, from every palace, from every cottage, from every shack, and from every craft. On the other shores the Union Jack may be seen in places; but flag-flying is not strong on the Canadian side.

An English gentleman travelling with me was hauled

up by the immigration officer for being "illegally in the United States," and a demand for four dollars head-tax was made. We remonstrated. I said: "You take my word that I am a Canadian citizen on a pleasure trip. Why not take the Englishman's?" So, as we persistently refused to hand out the four dollars, the officer took a detailed account of his history from his baby days up,



Among the Thousand Islands

the colour of his eyes and hair, height, weight—everything the police take in writing up a prisoner. "How much money have you?" nearly broke the Englishman up. "Must I answer?" "Yes." "Oh, say, \$200." "Well, now, see you get off United States territory as soon as you can," seemed to be the attitude of these Americans. And they possess a beauty spot here that thousands and



Chateau Ramsey, Montreal

thousands of Englishmen and Europeans will travel across the Atlantic purposely to see.

After passing through the Thousand Islands, so delightfully pretty, so interesting, and so marvellous, we began to run the Rapids. Only small vessels undertake the hazardous trip; and therefore at Prescott we were all transferred into a vessel half the size of the palatial craft which had conveyed us among the islands. Vessels can go up stream past these Rapids by means of locks. The first Rapid is called the "Gallops." The "Long Sault" is a mile and a half long, and makes life interesting while it is being descended. Then come the "Cedar Rapids" and "Cascade Rapids," which are both entrancing and exhilarating.

Not until we were within ten miles of Montreal did we reach the climax of our interesting excitement, for then the great Lachine Rapids had to be shot. Here we needed no camera, as the impression on our minds was indelible. I had a position right in front of the boat, and as we approached this seething hell of waters, with a drop of forty-five feet, I mentally ejaculated, "Are we suicides?" and I turned about and looked at the sea of faces of men and women. Not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard but the mighty roaring of that tempestuous, seething cauldron, into which we were gliding as if into eternity. I watched the face of the trusty man at the wheel. Never for half a second did he take his eyes from those fierce waters; his lips were set, his teeth firm; his grey eyes calmly and immovably watched his passage; and as we slipped on our downward passage into the cauldron we could well realise how everything depended on the skill and the steady eye and hand of this man at the wheel. Had the vessel, with this human cargo, but swerved to the one side or the other, she would instantly have been rolled over and over by this onrushing and overpowering torrent. Sharp, rocky declivities were visible, over which the waters rushed, and

we had to make our passage between rocks where the torrent practically shot its way through. We held our breath ; we did not speak a word ; we gripped the railing of the boat until our fingers ached ; and when we had safely passed through this thrilling experience we applauded the man at the wheel and thanked God for our safety, promising Him that we would have no desire to be guilty again of tempting Providence.

“ And we have passed the terrible Lachine,
Have felt a fearless tremor thro’ the soul,
As the huge waves upreared their crests of green,
Holding our feathery barque in their control
As a strong eagle holds an oriole.”

CHAPTER XXI.

Eastern Canada

WE were glad to get way from Montreal, with its Arabian heat, its French language, and American street and car traffic. The C. P. R. provided for our conveyance to Ottawa a new car, the "St. John," and we were the first passengers to ride in this luxurious equipage, called a buffet car, fitted with comfortable easy chairs and adjustable tables, and with observation seats on the back deck. Most welcome of all, owing to the thirsty weather, was the plentiful supply of iced lemonade and ginger ale (and the "creature" if we wanted it), which a courteous steward was always at hand to provide. I felt that I would have liked to deposit this car with its up-to-date comfort in old England, just to show them how far the overseas portions of the Empire are ahead of the "heart" of the Empire in the matter of railway travel. The movement of the car was hardly perceptible—unlike the old train we travelled in from England to Scotland, that shook us up like the "Tickler" on the Exposition "Pay Streak."

The worst—and the dirtiest—crops I have ever seen were those in view of the railway between Montreal and Ottawa. The only filth one sees in an old country crop is the poppy, which seems to defy the farmer; but there we saw thistles and all kinds of weeds—more weeds than crop in some places. Farming under such conditions cannot pay, and this no doubt accounted for the tumble-down and neglected appearance of some of the farms. We were back in the country of "no paint"; no little



Main Entrance, Parliament House, Ottawa

whitewashed farmhouses and stables were seen, no nicely cropped live fences or stone walls.

We had hoped to see Ottawa, the capital of our great Dominion, at its best; we were looking forward to seeing Parliament in session, and, perhaps, hearing the debates, some in English and some in a foreign tongue. But Sir Wilfred Laurier had ordered otherwise. The House had been dissolved; the country was in the turmoil of elections; the Parliamentary representatives were no more, and the people had been called upon to create a new Parliament. So we found Ottawa deserted; and the hotel lobby at the Russell, where more private debating has been done by members than in Parliament House, was quiet and inanimate. However, we resolved to visit Parliament House, an edifice in reddish and grey stone, of which the Dominion need not be ashamed. It is situated right in the heart of the city, on the banks of the Ottawa River, on a pretty eminence, from which a splendid view of the city and surrounding country is obtainable. We informed the janitor that we were constituents of Mr. Geo. H. Cowan, M.P., who, being in Vancouver, was of course unable to show us over this seat of Parliamentary judicature. So the official courteously took us in hand, and we spent a very interesting hour.

The library, an octagonal room with high walls, contains no fewer than 350,000 volumes. What a valuable asset for the country, and what a valuable privilege for the young members of Parliament with aspirations and ambitions! From the library we passed to the senate chamber, where the Upper House, or the House of Lords, passes on the measures submitted by the Commons; where the representative of the King opens Parliament in person; and where the Commons stand outside the bar at the command of the Governor-General to hear the address from the Throne. All around the chamber are galleries for the friends of senators and for

ladies. It is a nice, bright chamber; but its constitution will, like that of the Lords of England, shortly be called into question. These law-makers are not the creation of the people; they are favoured nominees of the party in power, and in no way responsible to the people for their actions. The Australian democratic system appeals more to me, since by it the people of each province or state have the privilege and right of creating their own law-makers, the term of office being for six years, after which they return to their constituents for approval or rejection. What a disfranchisement of the people exists in Canada! The people of a party not in power may be unrepresented by new blood in the Senate for perhaps a quarter of a century. In a country with ever-changing development and a rapid march of progress, it must be evident to the veriest novice in political economy that the best talent and most active and initiative brain-power the people can command should be sent to the Senate, as well as to the Commons.

Then we were shown into the "Temple of Oratory"—the House of Commons—which we had been so desirous of seeing in full animation. It is a very fine chamber, but poorly furnished and cheaply upholstered. It is laid out like a public school class-room: each kid has a desk and a chair of his own, and the schoolmaster (the Speaker) sits in the middle on one side, where he has everyone under his vigilant eye. The Speaker's chair is not the comfortable easy-chair that it should be, seeing that he so often has a most uncomfortable time of it; but it is in keeping with the other furnishing of the place. This public school lay-out of the chamber is the American style. I must say I do prefer the old English Parliamentary "benches," upholstered with comfortable leather cushions.

All of us in turn sat in the Speaker's chair; and as Mr. George Cowan's chair was close to the Speaker's, where he could not only "catch his eye," but "touch him

on the knee," I also made bold to sit and scribble a message of goodwill on his blotting-pad.

Afterwards we visited the dining-room, where members can procure the best meal possible at the lowest price; and then the kitchen. "Why, what a dandy stove," said Mrs. Miller, "I would like one like that!" I am afraid that she must continue to want. Fancy a stove that cooks for 500 or 600 hungry legislators, in a private house! Not likely! So into the elevator we got, and up on to the roof. What a glorious place to come and rest and have a quiet smoke on a hot evening, with a dry and tedious debate going on below!

From this roof a splendid panoramic view is obtained of the city and the river. The statues which embellish and adorn similar buildings and grounds in the old countries do not exist here; except to a very limited extent. A very fine statue of Queen Victoria stands on the highest elevation of the grounds. I felt that it needed half-a-hundred figures in these spacious grounds in front of the House to give it a perfect setting. There are names written large in Canadian history, names which could well be honoured in this way by the country which they served and loved.

The city of Ottawa itself is disappointing. We expected to find the capital city of a great dominion a model city. Winnipeg could show Ottawa how to lay out streets. The streets are in bad shape. Ottawa has not a street that can compare with Granville Street. The street car service is not up to the standard of other inland towns. The city is poorly lighted at night; and the Parliamentary grounds are surrounded by dim "three balls," suggestive of a pawnshop. Perhaps there is something significant in the adoption of this illuminating symbol! But then it must be remembered that Ottawa is not only the capital of the Dominion; it is a great industrial and mercantile city in the full tide of prosperity and development. The water power of the Ottawa River is

harnessed in a hundred different places. Electricity is thus generated cheaply; and along the banks of these waters there is hive after hive of industry. Acres and acres of sheet pulp could be seen ready for the markets of the world. Eddy's matches are manufactured here; sawmills and planing mills were at work on all sides. Ottawa is the home of a hundred industries, and it is generally looked upon as merely the political capital of the Dominion. Perhaps it were better otherwise. However, Ottawa is now political, industrial, and commercial.

The first Vancouverite to extend to us a hearty welcome home again was Alderman Campbell, who was in Ottawa in connection with civic matters. His duties being almost completed, he, like ourselves, was anxious to get away from the dreadful heat of Ottawa. We had not an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whom we saw interestedly discussing what we conceived to be "election questions" with some of his countrymen at the Russell Hotel.

We stole away at midnight in the lightest clothes we could get into; and we asked the C. P. R. authorities to transfer us with all rapidity to the Great Lakes, to Vancouver, anywhere out of that stewpan! So we made for Sault Ste. Marie, which we reached on the next afternoon. The cooler temperature of the breezes from Lake Superior and Lake Huron were welcome indeed; and we were once again enabled to breathe freely and exist in something like comfort.

There are two "Soos," as the places are called, one on the Canadian side and one on the American side of St. Mary's river—both hustling, busy little cities. We stayed several days in the Ontario "Soo" in order to attend the Knight Templars' annual convention of Great Priory. It was a time well spent, for there we had an opportunity of seeing in operation the largest locks in the world, built in order to handle the immense shipping business of the lakes. Just at this point, where the "Soos"

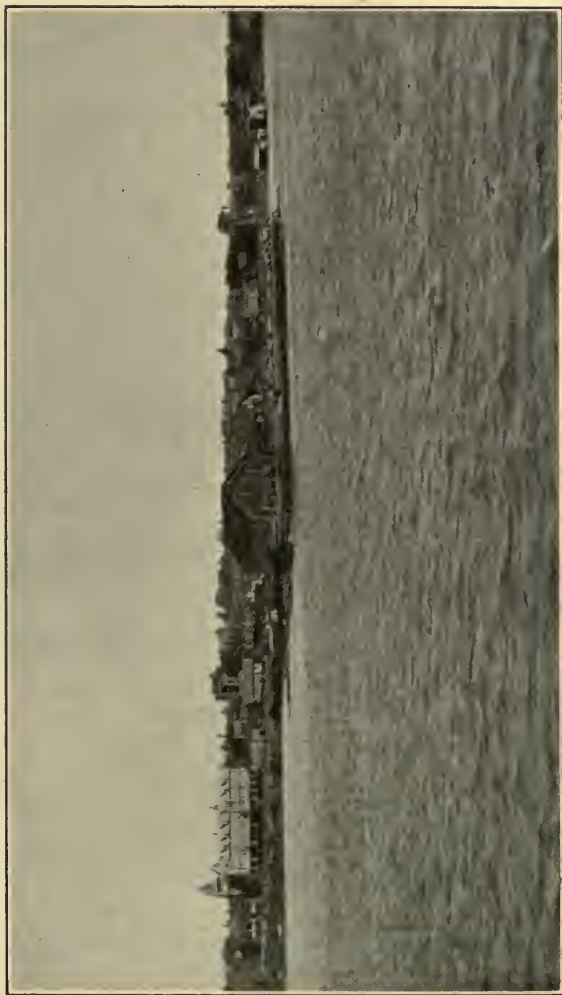
have established themselves, Lake Superior empties into St. Mary's River; and the rapids necessitate the passing of the ships through the locks. Not only do scores of wheat ships pass every day, but the passenger traffic is very large at this time of the year. Therefore many people prefer the trip up the lakes to the train travel. Here is established one of the finest industries in Canada



In the Locks, Sault Ste. Marie

—the steel works—situated close by the Canadian locks, covering with its gigantic plant many acres of ground.

We spent half a day looking over the plant in operation. Iron ore, coal, and limestone are the three ingredients. The ore is brought in barges across from the shores of Lake Superior; the limestone is also got close by. Unfortunately, all the coal for the coke comes from



Sault Ste. Marie

the United States. What an opening for Vancouver, where we have all the necessary ingredients—coal, iron, and limestone! The coking ovens and the equipment for dealing with the by-products are very extensive. The coke, limestone, and iron ore are mixed all together in the furnace; and we followed the process right through with much interest, watching the handling of five or six tons of liquid steel, the pouring of it into moulds holding two and three tons each, the taking of the ingots out of the moulds and thumping them into bars of steel, the tempering and rolling them into shape for steel rails for the railway, the testing of the quality, and the cooling-off process. Verily, it was a fine sight to see our own railway steel manufactured on such a gigantic scale in our own country. I would like to see just such another steel plant humming at Vancouver.

At Sault Ste. Marie they have also a big tannery, a carbide works, and a host of industries that all go to make the town one of great promise.

The main drawback to industries in the east is the six months' year. For half the year these great locks are dry, and their beautiful lakes frozen up tight, all shipping laid up, and all wheat traffic at a standstill.

The town wore a gay appearance, decorated with flags and coloured bunting, with the message "Welcome to the Knights." The citizens vied with each other in according welcome to their visitors from all over Canada. Mr. Jas. Irvine, Mr. C. E. Deal, and myself answered to the roll-call for Vancouver; and when the time arrived for fixing the place for the next annual meeting we had something to say for the west, and we made good use of the opportunity. But Toronto carried too many guns, and won the day. We were told that the following year, 1913, would be Vancouver's year. They will then all come right from St. John and Halifax to spend two weeks with us. We promised to show them the biggest things they ever saw.

Many friends inquired after "Charlie" Buscombe, of



Knights Templar at Sault Ste. Marie

Vancouver. This was his old home, and "Charlie" was beloved by the ladies as well as by his fellows, for here it was he won his good better half. Mr. Jas. Irvine, one of the Vancouver delegates, was also welcomed on all sides, for he lived in Sault Ste. Marie for many years while engaged in the ministry of the Church of England. He found many vacant places, for, like Tom Bowling, "their souls have gone aloft."

This little city of about 15,000 inhabitants has as much confidence and ambition for its future as Vancouver has. Prices for real estate in the main street were soaring high. Just before we arrived one place sold for \$56,000, and two vacant lots for \$26,000; and ideas of increasing values were very elastic. A single-line car system traverses the main street, which is several miles long, from end to end. The cars are big and spacious. We received a rude shock to our nerves on one of the cars coming home at midnight from the Templars' Ball. We had been living a life of "tips" during the past four months; in places the whole household turned out to receive their "tips." On this occasion the conductor graciously brought a special car-load of us to our hotel, and we showed our appreciation by tendering a decent gratuity for his courtesy. But no, it was the last thing he thought of; he didn't want any tips!

The *Alberta* brought us away from the "Soo," through the Canadian locks, into Lake Superior. A day's journey over that great inland ocean, calm as a mill-pond, brought us to Port Arthur and Fort William. There were nearly two hundred passengers stranded at Fort William from midday until nearly midnight awaiting a train to convey them to Winnipeg. We, however, made good use of the time by looking over the city of William and Arthur. A good electric car service connects the two cities. Fort William is a grand little town; its paved streets, when all completed, will be a model for other larger cities to follow. A graceful town hall of brick does credit to the town; the

business houses are substantially built ; and there is an air of decency about the whole place. On the big water-cart that sprinkles the streets we read the following intimation : " You are now in the best city in Canada." This city equipage was not drawn by heavy Clydesdales or Shires, but a stylish pair of blooded carriage greys.

We connected up ultimately with the Vancouver express at Winnipeg, and we were soon flying homeward through the great Wheatenopolis of Canada. Four short months previously we had passed by this way when the country was still in the cold grip of winter, and snow lay upon the ground. What a transformation had taken place in so short a time ! Thousands of acres of waving golden grain just turning from green to yellow ; the reaper and binder already to be seen at work ; great stacks of hay already garnered at the farmsteads. The harvest was on, and the financial world was getting ready to gamble with the product. Speculators would become rich and speculators would become crazy ; while the pioneer farmer tilled the soil, and placed in the elevator the golden grain—the staff of life, the daily bread of the multitude, the food of the gambler.

There is a large tract of prairie land lying between Medicine Hat and Calgary called the " dry belt," where little growing crop was to be seen. Nevertheless, a transformation scene was taking place there. Great channels and earthworks were visible running in all directions, and thousands of acres were being broken up by steam ploughs. Science is destined to conquer this dry belt, which has hitherto refused to yield the fruits of the earth. Three hundred and fifty thousand acres are being brought under irrigation by the C. P. R., and, when fully settled by an industrial yeomanry, will add at least ten million bushels of wheat to Canada's output. The soil is there, the summer growing weather is there, and the water is in the Bow river. Science and enterprise will bring them all together, and the result will be wealth and

progress for the country. Evidence of the results of irrigation were seen as we approached Calgary. The oat crops were luxurious, the C. P. R. vegetable farm was fully stocked with all kinds of garden truck, and extensive poultry farms were in operation—object lessons to all as to the capabilities of the prairie country.

Once past Calgary, we soon sighted the mighty Rockies, silhouetted against the sky. Among their outlines one could trace the profiles of the Indian faces, which the natives superstitiously revered. The glorious majesty of this great rocky country holds one enthralled, no matter how often one travels it. We watched with pleasure the faces of fellow-passengers who viewed it for the first time in silent admiration.

Sixty thousand people, we were told, visited Banff Park last year. When the sublime grandeur of this world of Nature's creation is known, as it will be known, in the Old World, this number will be six hundred thousand every year. .

We ran along the banks of the Thompson and Fraser rivers, where we saw science again at work at a harder task of irrigation. Flumes and ditches were seen along the hillsides, conveying water for the orchards that were being planted. The traveller of the near future will see a wonderful transformation along the valleys of these watercourses, when hundreds, if not thousands, of acres of hitherto dry and useless country will be made to blossom with prolific orchards, and when hundreds of comfortable homesteads belonging to prosperous fruit-growers will be seen along the hillsides.

We left the canyons and rugged Nature behind us at Yale, passing through thousands of acres of splendid forest country in Kent, every acre of which is capable of surpassing the old English Kent in hop production. This land still lies in its natural state, awaiting the application of capital and labour to make it produce what the God of Nature intended. Our track lay down through

the Fraser River valley ; and we saw across the river the works of the railway builder on the Canadian Northern line, preparing to compete for the traffic and trade which future years will bring to the province of British Columbia. We soon came to the sunset doorway of the Dominion, the great open-all-the-year-round port of Vancouver—the port with a future great with wonderful and marvellous possibilities. As we stepped from our Pullman and were greeted by our friends, we felt and sincerely expressed the good old sentiment, “ There’s no place like home.”

CHAPTER XXII.

Conclusion

HOME again ! The natural longing to see the big smoke and the land from which our fathers came had been satisfied. We had seen the seat of Empire—the heart of the greatest Empire the world has ever known. We had seen London, the most wonderful city in the world, during the greatest celebrations which that ancient city had ever witnessed. We had seen the ambassadors, potentates, and statesmen of all lands met to do honour to England's King. We had seen the streets of London thronged with the bronzed faces of the African and the Australian, and the set, determined faces of the Canadian, meeting as common citizens of a common Empire, proud in the consciousness of belonging to the Greater Britain. The Coronation of King George V. goes down into history as an event marvellous in its inexpressible influence in cementing the bonds of Empire. And at the end of our travels the question was asked: "What have you learnt? What are your impressions of the Old Land?"

We learned much of the history of England by personal contact with historic places and associations, which is a much more effective way than by reading or school instruction. Having regard to what England achieved on such a limited area, we were impressed by the vast possibilities of her future greatness when her almost illimitable overseas possessions are fully developed and their colossal natural resources are turned to account in even a limited degree. The ordinary man in the street has no conception of the immense possibilities and the vast possessions of the Empire to which he belongs, and he needs education

on that subject. He needs to be impressed with the fact that the day for a bigger and greater empire has dawned, that the day of small things with England is passing, and that in order to grasp her possibilities she must be up and doing and realise. He may smile at our presumption when we try to impress these facts upon him ; but when I tell him a few facts he begins to see. I tell him that when I travel across "the pond"—3,000 miles—I still have a 3,000-mile journey before I reach my home. He says: "Canada's a big place, isn't it?" When I tell him that inside that "big place" we have some lakes of fresh water in which we could submerge the whole of England, Ireland, and Scotland, he whistles. When I tell him that after I have crossed these great lakes I pass through 1,000 miles of wheat-fields, he opens his eyes. When I tell him of the vast mineral wealth of the mountains of British Columbia, practically undeveloped, he begins to see sovereigns. When I tell him of the millions of fish that come up our rivers regularly every year to give themselves up as food for man, he says, "What little fools!" When I tell him of the size of our forest trees, and their height, he looks skyward to imagine how far 200 feet would be. When I tell him of the extent of our fruit lands, as great as the whole of England, he, having seen the British Columbian apple, begins to realise the possibilities of the situation.

What does it all mean? It means that the duty and work of education devolves upon the citizen overseas. It means that the overseas subject of the King of England has a truer conception of the future possibilities of the Empire than the citizen who lives within hearing of Bow Bells. England has to be taught ; she has to learn that these great possessions of hers are more valuable to her than she at present realises. There is a stronger desire in the hearts of her overseas people to get together than there is in England herself. This is owing to the fact that we can see and realise better the possibilities of

the future than can those who have never seen further than the coastline of England.

While we were in England the overseas delegates made a big fight for the establishment of an Imperial Council. "The time is not yet," seemed to be the opinion of the Englishman. The system of government of the overseas dominions is more advanced than that of the Old Country.



Derelict—on the Thames Embankment, London

When I told them of our effective systems, they said: "What applies to a new country does not apply to the old." England governs on a centralised system, with one point of view and one authority; consequently, Parliament is overburdened, dissatisfaction exists, and reforms come very slowly. "We have our local councils and municipalities to manage local affairs; we have our provincial Parliaments to manage provincial affairs; we

have our Dominion Parliament to manage Dominion affairs; and, to perfect our ideals, we want to join the Old Country in an Imperial Parliament to control the destinies of the Empire." This was the proposition we put up to them; but, as it would mean a radical upheaval of the Old World system, it was received with lukewarm appreciation.

People complain in England that we are already sapping the strength of the Old Country by attracting to the Dominions the best of their youth; but we shall continue to attract this class, and by so doing we shall strengthen the Empire. I told some of my friends that we wanted their best men and women across the seas to engage in the work of Empire development. "Pardon my presumption," I was wont to say; "what you require in the Old Country is some of the best men from your dominions right here in London to engage in political and mercantile pursuits. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

The Old Country is undoubtedly behind the times in many ways. The railway systems cannot compare with those of the overseas dominions, though they may be operated with greater safety, probably owing to most of the lines being duplicated, thus reducing the risks of collision. Further, the permanent-way is substantially ballasted. In public and commercial buildings the New World excels. Electricity does not come into the life of the Old Country so extensively as it does in the New, either in the way of traction, lighting, or telephones. The cheap water-power of the new countries accounts, no doubt, for this. The Old Country system of agriculture is crude and limited compared with that of the New. The five and ten acre plots of wheat cannot compete with the 1,000 acre fields of the dominions. The scythe and the reaping-hook must give way to the buzz of modern machinery; the horse and the ox must give place to mechanical traction. The brawn and sinew of the Old



Llama Cart in the Zoological Gardens, London

Country must no longer be wasted in unequal competition. It must be transferred to the more profitable arena. The obsolete methods of centuries ago must be replaced by the methods of an advancing age.

And what is England doing to educate her own people in the knowledge of their great opportunities? Absolutely nothing. The whole campaign of education is being carried on by the overseas Governments. Offices and exhibition depots have been established in London. Lecturers have been sent from across the seas to travel the British Isles in search of settlers. The dominions are at great expense educating the English people, not only for the benefit of their own particular country, but for the ultimate benefit, happiness, and comfort of the individual citizen of Great Britain. The Government of Great Britain fails in its duty—fails to undertake its share of the responsibility in inducing its citizens to realise that their Empire is across the seas as well as on the little sea-girt island they are used to call Empire.

In order that indiscriminate emigration may be prevented, it is necessary and desirable that the people of the British Isles should be educated and instructed in the climatic conditions of the outposts that need population so badly. They should be educated to equip themselves physically and intellectually to grapple with the conditions of life in a new country. It is just as much the duty of the British Government to secure that education for her people as it is that of the Dominion Governments. The associations of centuries engross the English mind. Society engagements are paramount, and tradition demands much of the people. But an attempt to put their house in order is now being made, beginning with the reform of the House of Lords. Strenuous opposition is empanelled against placing woman on a higher plane, and the "Votes for Women" question is a tough one; although both these problems were long ago grappled with and settled by the young daughter dominion, Australia.



In the White City, London

Although we complain about the slowness of the Old Country in some things, there is no doubt about the supremacy of the British Empire, and that she stands first among the nations of the world. The decadence we hear and read about is *non est*. It is wonderful to us that the grandest nation on earth was built up on such a small territory as is embraced in the British Isles. The future greatness undoubtedly lies in her great possessions abroad. What is required is the distribution of the British people over their British possessions in such a way as will lead to the development of the great natural resources of the Empire, the decentralisation of population, ultimately relieving the old land of congested poverty, and placing prosperity, comfort, and happiness within the reach of those who otherwise have little hope of ever being better off than they are to-day.

While it is perfectly true that the old land can learn much from the new, we need to go to London to learn how to handle big crowds. The way the crowds were handled at the Derby is an eye-opener to the Colonial. It would be an utter impossibility to keep the race-track clear with such a crowd in the Colonies. A policeman rode along the track just before the race started, telling the people to keep off the track, and they immediately obeyed him. Then, again, at the Coronation the arrangements for handling the immense crowds were perfect. There was no rushing and crowding. The police and soldiers formed the line past which the public were not allowed to advance, and the public obeyed instructions with the best of humour and submission. The police of London are the admiration of all visitors. They appear to have undergone a special training for their duties, for they are all of the same class. They are picked men physically ; they are most courteous and obliging ; they are perfect gentlemen to women and children ; they are a walking encyclopedia for the wandering stranger. In short, they are the custodians of public safety in the streets of London.

We learned also that in the handling of large crowds in congested thoroughfares the street railway has to go. Nowhere in London or Paris, in the busy thoroughfares, were street railways to be seen. The old horse 'bus and hansom cab were also fast disappearing. The motor 'bus and taxicab, with modern comfort and speed, were taking possession of the streets. The motor 'bus of London is



Statue of Boadicea, Westminster Bridge, London

an ungainly-looking affair, with top deck. Still it serves the purpose, for from thirty to forty passengers are comfortably carried, and very few accidents are recorded. The motor 'bus of Paris is a pretty little street-car, with a conductor in uniform, and first and second-class compartments. It has no top deck, and possesses a safer and more attractive appearance than the top-decker. No passengers are allowed on these 'buses, either in London

or Paris, unless there is seating accommodation. The same regulation applies to the street railways in the suburbs. To those interested in transportation in our new cities valuable lessons are to be gained by a close observation of the Old World methods. The monopoly of the right-of-way down the middle of narrow business streets by the electric juggernauts of to-day, with a net-



Elephant in the Zoological Gardens, London

work of highly-charged wires overhead and disfiguring street posts, will in a very few years be a thing of the past.

In the matter of beautifying the landscape the New Country has much to learn from the Old. The country roads are made beautiful by the presence on either side of closely-cropped hedges instead of tumble-down wooden

fences or barbed wire. Avenues of trees—hundreds of years old, some of them—lend beauty to the surroundings. In the grounds of the old palaces this is especially noticeable, indicating that the kings of bygone days had eyes for the beautiful in nature. Centuries after these trees were planted we come from across the seas to admire the taste of men of another age—an age which



Camel in the Zoological Gardens, London

gave to history, on the other hand, much at which we now revolt. The flower gardens are “things of beauty and joys for ever.”

Although we saw very little drunkenness, the plentiful supply of alcoholic beverages, and the facilities afforded to the public for obtaining them were very marked. Perhaps it is from the experience of the Old Country that the New has already learnt to place itself on a higher

plane with regard to the control of the liquor traffic and the temperate use of the beverages it dispenses. Wherever one turned, the facilities to secure liquor were in evidence. Even on Sundays the bars were open for the convenience of the working-men and their wives; and women could be seen sitting in the taprooms with the men enjoying their beer. The Empire across the seas deals with this question in a much more enlightened manner in the interests of the masses than does the Old Country. These remarks are not made in any captious or narrow spirit, as from a dyed-in-the-wool total abstainer, but by a man of the world, who takes his whisky when he wants it, and who for ten years adjudicated on the licensing bench, administering the liquor laws as they were written. From an impartial standpoint no other sane conclusion can be arrived at than that there are thousands too many grog-shops in the Old Country; that a sweeping reformation is needed in the regulation of the liquor traffic; that following such reformation would come the uplifting of man and woman to a higher sense of their own value to the nation. Their children would follow the finger-post pointing to a higher citizenship, and there would be an inspiration to reach out for a higher national life. The elevation of the people to higher ideals far outweighs the economic and financial advantages which would also accrue from the thrift and frugality that would be engendered.

So we can learn from each other in a thousand different ways; and, as time and distance are year by year annihilated by the advance of modern science, the old and the new are, year by year, being brought closer into communion one with the other, much to the advantage of the great British Empire. What is most to be desired is that the people of the Old Land should fully realise the future of her great overseas possessions, and the part they are to play in the Britain of the future.

While there was much that was pleasing and significant

in the spectacle of a variety of nationalities appearing as the King's subjects in the Coronation festivities—as, for instance, Sir Wilfrid Laurier representing the French element, General Botha the Dutch element, and a galaxy of turbaned gentlemen the India element—danger lurks in the perpetuation of distinctive classes, languages, and foreign proclivities in the various parts of the Empire. Generations must pass before that danger can be removed by the adoption of one language, one nationality, one people, one King, and one flag. The best way to secure such a desideratum is by a judicious and discriminating immigration policy from the land of the Anglo-Saxon. The cord that will bind strong the bonds of Empire is the crimson thread woven throughout the woof.

Besides British population, we need more of the British capital which at present finds its way into foreign countries. The Old Country possesses untold wealth in capital as well as population, and both elements are required in the development of her vast possessions overseas. Patriotism can best be exemplified by diverting the surplus of these elements into British channels instead of foreign, thus developing the latent resources of the Empire as well as strengthening the national structure.

In closing these notes of a necessarily hurried trip, explanation may be made that much that could be set down has been omitted. Books could have been written with such material as lay at hand everywhere we went. The Colonies have suffered through globe-trotters writing books on first impressions. If my conclusions and impressions on a flying visit are not agreeable and acceptable, it will help to balance the account. Nothing has been set down in malice. Love for the motherland is our divine heritage, and closer acquaintance and associations will tend only to intensify that affection. To

those who have followed our little peregrination we now bid adieu, with a prayer for Empire and King.

. Guard Thou our Empire wide,
Plant strongly side by side
Empire and King.
Make us to realise
Danger to theorise,
Destinies jeopardise.
Empire and King!

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